JULY 2, 1984

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TIME

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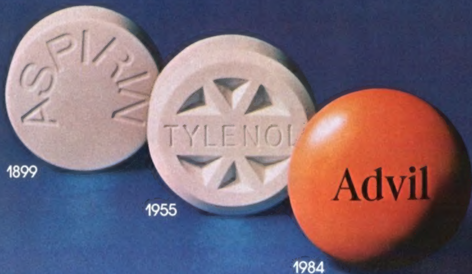

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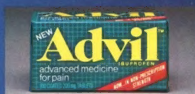

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Box: Less than 0.5 mg. "tar", 0.05 mg. nicotine; 100's Box: 1 mg. "tar", 0.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Mar. '84.

JULY 2, 1984

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

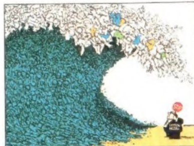
Vol. 124 No. 1

COVER: Erma zings the blues as everyone's dingbatty neighbor 56

"I still have a very ordinary, simple person trapped in this rich, gorgeous, successful body," says Author-Columnist Erma Bombeck. She is writing high after two decades of gags about children who look you in the eye and ask if anyone's home and husbands who bite their neckties in half when asked to talk. A look at a satirist who no longer knows whether she has a septic tank. *See* LIVING.

NATION: Immigration reform wins a narrow victory in the House 12

Amid much confusion, the Simpson-Mazzoli bill squeaks through by a margin of five votes. ▸ The Senate authorizes $299 billion for defense while challenging NATO allies and pressing Reagan for new arms-control initiatives. ▸ Mondale interviews a black, a woman and a Southerner in his search for a running mate. ▸ Reagan supports a nationwide minimum drinking age of 21.



BUSINESS: Latin American debtors try to form a united front 38

Ministers from eleven countries meet in Colombia to work out a plan to lessen the burden on their treasuries from rising U.S. interest rates. ▸ Where all that borrowed money was spent. ▸ Controversy surrounds the IMF and its policies. ▸ Citicorp, America's largest banking organization, names John S. Reed, 45, to succeed retiring Chairman Walter Wriston.

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World
Grumpy Europeans send their leaders a message. ▸ Mitterrand chides the Soviets about Sakharov. ▸ A desert nation under the gun.

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Law
A bizarre case of orphaned frozen embryos has stirred a worldwide debate on whether they have a right to life.

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Sport
The U.S. track-and-field team is selected in a stirring celebration, mostly of Carl Lewis. ▸ A graceful U.S. Open. ▸ Swale dies.

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Art
Except for two good shows, this year's Venice Biennale (including the U.S. pavilion) is mostly tired mannerism.

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Cinema
Sly tangles with Dolly in *Rhinestone.* ▸ A rock star turns spy in *Top Secret!* ▸ Rocky meets Yoda in *The Karate Kid.*

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Books
Some 5,000 errors are corrected in a new edition of James Joyce's *Ulysses.* ▸ James Agee's short, luminous life and work are recalled.

86
Theater
Hurlyburly, by David Rabe, cuts deeply and compassionately into contemporary banality. ▸ A revival of *Design for Living* galumphs.

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Essay
Is it acceptable for journalists to invent facts in the interests of a "larger truth"? Is a larger truth journalism's province?

Cover: Photograph by Douglas Kirkland—Sygma

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America the unusual

Think you've "seen America"? Well, surprise! There's a whole other country out there, reachable by road. It's America the Unusual: an exciting place that stretches from Monterey to Long Island's Montauk Point.

Out West, in Victor, Col., walk streets paved with gold (low-grade ore long discarded by miners). Hop over to Cooke City, Mont., where the bizarre Grasshopper Glacier has frozen thousands of yesteryear insects into ice walls 80 feet high. Or watch scientists unearth far older "bodies" in a 140-million-year-old "dinosaur dig" near Jensen, Utah. For fun and games, there's the 1984 Summer Olympics, sprawled across the greater Los Angeles area.

Back East, go on an "armchair safari" at Sagamore Hill in Oyster Bay, N.Y. —Teddy Roosevelt's rambling estate, filled with big-game trophies. Watch a truly "off-Broadway" show... in a converted mill in New Hope, Pa. And, for a really far-out experience, walk into Spacelab or peer into a space capsule. They're on display at the National Air and Space Museum in Washington, D.C.

Heartland U.S.A. offers a myriad of summer adventures. Like a "slow boat" cruise on an authentic paddle wheeler down Michigan's trout-famed Au Sable River. Cruise on a river in Indiana's Spring Mill State Park that takes you through an underground cavern. Or take the kids to see Santa in the Summer—at Santa Claus, Ind.

In the South, drop in on the New Orleans World's Fair. Its nautical theme includes mermaids (the papier-mâché kind) and a fish-filled aquarium that illustrates how marine life and offshore drilling operations coexist happily in the Gulf of Mexico.

Near Jackson, Miss., visit the petrified forest, whose trees were carried thousands of miles by a prehistoric river to their present site. Or tap your toes to authentic country music at Nashville's Country Music Hall of Fame. There you'll see Elvis Presley's 1960 limousine, with its 24-karat gold plated bumpers and body paint mixed with crushed pearls, gold dust, diamonds and fish scales. Near Lexington, Ky., horse around with a bluegrass tour of thoroughbred farms.

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Letters

Pain Relief

To the Editors:

Your article on chronic pain [MEDICINE, June 11] touched on the basic ingredient that we who try to alleviate pain have found to be essential: compassion.

Richard M. Linchitz, M.D.
Medical Director
Pain Alleviation Center
Roslyn, N.Y.

I have suffered constant pain for almost a decade. You put in a nutshell the feeling and emotions I can only convey, and even then with difficulty, to my doctors, my family and my friends. Most people cannot understand perpetual pain because they have not felt it.

Juan R. Freudenthal
Wellesley, Mass.

I am sorry there was little mention of the nurse's role in dealing with pain. In caring for patients, nurses have sought alternative methods to drugs for easing suffering. We follow the advice of Margo McCaffery, the pain pioneer, who said, "Pain is whatever the person experiencing it says it is, and exists whenever he or she says it exists."

Gina Holmes
Manhattan Beach, Calif.

I was told two years ago after disc-removal surgery that nothing could be done to alleviate my agony. Three weeks as an inpatient at St. Louis University's Pain Management Program taught me how to live with my pain through such methods as biofeedback, physical therapy, exercise and relaxation. I now attend biweekly meetings of the local chapter of Chronic Pain Outreach, a nonprofit support group that provides speakers who help us cope with our problems.

Robert C. Lucas
Brentwood, Mo.

You say hypnosis and biofeedback have "earned respectable places in the pain-clinic arsenal," while chiropractors get lumped "outside standard medicine" with herbal treatments and faith healing. Thanks to my chiropractor, I am virtually pain-free today because he knew where to look when "medical doctors" failed me.

Barbara J. Knill
Lakewood, Ohio

If cocaine will relieve one cancer sufferer, then let's legalize it for use by doctors and hospitals.

(The Rev.) Maurice G. Chase
Assistant to the President
Loyola Marymount University
Los Angeles

Reagan Remembers D-Day

In reminiscing about the World Wars, President Reagan revealed that as a first grader in Illinois during World War I, he experienced nightmares of the Kaiser's soldiers marching down Main Street [NATION, June 11]. Our President would wake up frightened and confused in the dark to ask himself, "Where would I hide if this were true?" I suspect that this is the same question that first graders ask themselves in the 1980s.

James E. Kences
Marion, Mass.

Hugh Sidey's efforts to link Reagan's military career with the battlefields of D-day were hilarious. First the President makes the ridiculous statement that his job producing training films was "directly under Air Corps intelligence." Then Sidey adds, "Reagan knew the invasion was imminent." The implication is that somehow this junior officer making training films in California was kept apprised of the most privileged information on the European front.

William T. Hagan
Fredonia, N. Y.

Hail the Conquerors

I was in my teens when, less than a year after the Normandy invasion, the Americans laid siege to my home town in Germany [D-DAY, May 28]. The Americans may have been the greatest allies the British ever had, but they were also the most compassionate, sympathetic and generous conquerors the Germans had ever had.

Charlotte Bauer Shapiro
Saratoga, Calif.

NBC Protests

Your Mondale cover story [NATION, June 18] charging NBC News with "a bit of low-blow journalism" was itself guilty of a bit of low-blow journalism.

The facts are:

1. NBC did not, as TIME claimed, promote a scheduled interview with Gary Hart on the *Nightly News*, or on any other news. The only advance reference to the Hart interview with Correspondent Roger Mudd, planned for NBC's 11:30 p.m. primary night special on Tuesday, June 5, appeared in a newspaper ad for that program.

2. Contrary to TIME's "low-blow journalism" assertion, Roger Mudd did not "put questions to an empty chair" when Candidate Hart failed to appear for his scheduled interview. Instead, Roger gave a straightforward report and perceptive analysis of the state of the Hart campaign.

Lawrence K. Grossman, President
News Division, NBC
New York City

TIME *erred in saying Roger Mudd "put questions to an empty chair." The camera showed Mudd facing an empty chair, then zoomed in on Mudd as he said: ". . . That empty chair is really symbolic of the sad state of the Hart campaign . . . He just came and announced that he didn't want to do interviews because he wasn't sure about California, but I think he just doesn't want to talk about what probably has been the worst day of his campaign." As it turned out, Hart won an overwhelming victory in California.*

Death in Captivity

It is unfortunate that when Israeli commandos seized the hijacked bus south of Tel Aviv, they did not kill all four terrorists at once [WORLD, June 11]. The terrorists deserved to die. We all know that if the situation had been reversed, there would be no investigation into what method was used to kill the guilty.

Arlene Strowman
Brookline, Mass.

I have no remorse for the Arab terrorists killed by the Israelis. They got what they deserved.

Michelle McDonald
Houston

Your report emphasized that two of the hijackers were killed after they were captured by the Israelis. To be fair, it should also have highlighted the freedom of speech and right to inquiry that exist in Israel. There are not many nations in the world where journalists are free to question the actions of even the highest officials.

Julie Leven
Aarhus, Denmark

So, Defense Minister Moshe Arens provides a justification for bludgeoning two Palestinian hijackers to death by suggesting that they should "not expect to come away alive" from such acts. The sad fact is that excuses for brutality come easy in the Middle East. In the end, the Palestinians and the Israeli Jews will have to put aside their malevolence and negotiate a settlement.

Michael P. Carroll
San Francisco

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Letters

India-Some-Place

As a former resident of Indianapolis, I still see it as a boring town in a dull state [NATION, June 11] and not as you would have it, a symbol of urban rejuvenation. The city's alleged success strikes me as hype: tall buildings, a domed stadium and a major league sports team. Hoosiers like "less government," which they get with a grossly inefficient administration and a still intact 19th century patronage system.

Richard Phelps
Boston

Allowing Owner Robert Irsay to call his team the "Indianapolis Colts" is a sacrilege. Better he should call them the "Indiana Road Runners" or, better yet, the "India-no-place Dolts."

Walter K. Higgins
Woodinville, Wash.

God's Work

Nine years ago, as a twelve-year-old, I was lured into Opus Dei [RELIGION, June 11]. I still thank God for some Jesuits who intervened before I was in it too deeply. There may be some fundamental distinction between Opus Dei and cults like the Unification Church, but at this point the difference escapes me.

John R. Burnes
St. Louis

Opus Dei is a cult that scares the wits out of this Roman Catholic.

David J. Crosby
Phoenix

It is unfortunate that Oxford Researcher John Roche feels he has to attack Opus Dei by presenting 1,500 letters from disenchanted members to the Pope. My family met "the Work" three years ago, and I could not ask for a better spiritual influence for us.

Norman J. Yerke
Elm Grove, Wis.

Lenders Beware

The bankers who lend money to economically shaky Third World countries [ECONOMY & BUSINESS, May 21] should heed a sign that appears in every Brazilian restaurant and bar: IT IS FORBIDDEN TO SERVE ALCOHOLIC DRINKS TO PERSONS VISIBLY DRUNK. In the headquarters of the international banks and in the ministries of finance of the First World there should be affixed a similar warning: IT IS FORBIDDEN TO LEND MONEY TO COUNTRIES VISIBLY INSOLVENT.

Robert Preis
Niterói, Brazil

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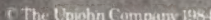
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A century

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Upjohn

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On the Fourth of July, 1884, the French people presented the American people with a grand birthday gift: a Statue of Liberty.

Next week in TIME, a special advertising section, "Passing On The Torch," will trace the history of this great monument. The story begins in France, where the scholar de Laboulaye envisioned the Statue, the sculptor Bartholdi designed her, and the engineer Eiffel gave her strength. Then the story follows the Statue to America, where the publisher Pulitzer championed her, and the poet Lazarus gave her a voice.

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A birthday salute to the Statue of Liberty, in the July 9th issue of TIME.

Next week in TIME.

A Letter from the Publisher

Funny, but Correspondent William McWhirter was a little nervous about doing a series of extensive interviews with Humorist Erma Bombeck for this week's cover story. After 20 years with TIME, the past three as Caribbean bureau chief covering such subjects as Central American revolutions and the Miami cocaine epidemic, McWhirter at first approached the assignment more as a fringe benefit than a job. Then he began to worry whether he was quite ready for a warm, wisecracking columnist whose chief concerns are the household gods. Says he: "Some journalists are fond of saying that the nice guys are the toughest, nice subjects the hardest. I didn't know: I could not remember the last time I had met one. What if I were to become the only person on earth to meet Erma Bombeck and not like her?"

Bombeck, McWhirter and pizza

McWhirter also found himself unprepared for another problem: Erma's cohort of female fans and their formidable powers of intimidation. "All the women in my own family," he says, "told me how lucky I was, how much fun I was sure to have, how much they wished they could come along, and how fortunate I was to be meeting someone who could help me understand *them*. They were certain that Erma was just like the lady in the column, vacuuming around the house and taping funny lines on the fridge. And if she wasn't, they didn't care, and surely I wouldn't find anything bad to report about someone as wonderful as Erma Bombeck—would I? Their injunctions were further reinforced by my seatmate on the flight to Phoenix and by the stewardess, who saw me studying up on Bombeck and who both told me how lucky I was to be traveling to the shrine of household humor."

The apprehensive McWhirter joined Bombeck over the course of several weeks this spring, participating in her own family birthday party, a charity benefit and a shoot for a *Good Morning America* segment. "Erma is a truly inventive, comic force, mugging continually, swatting one-liners everywhere," he says. "When she is on the phone, she is *on* the phone. Lunch is funny. The guest-bathroom soap is funny. Even the imminent house guests are funny."

Contributor John Skow, who wrote the cover story, verified McWhirter's observations during his own visit to Bombeck's household. He was amazed, and appalled, by Bombeck's well-hidden efficiency: "She gets up in the morning, goes into her office and functions till 5," he notes. "She works on her column or her play, and they get done when she says they'll be done. That is terribly depressing to someone else trying to write." However, the two of them, each the parent of three children, did achieve instant rapport on the awfulness of adolescence. "She gave me more hope than she offers her readers," Skow says. "She reassured me that all one's children *do* eventually grow up and leave home."

John A. Meyers

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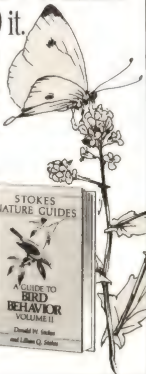

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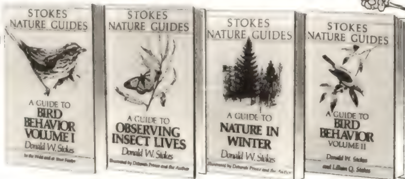

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TIME/JULY 2, 1984

But Can It Work?

The House's immigration bill is well intentioned—and far from foolproof

Rarely has so important a bill come so far amid so much confusion. Supporters and opponents alike have only fuzzy ideas of how—or whether—it can be made to work, how much it might cost, even how many people it might directly help or hurt. (It would have at least some minor effect on almost everybody who looks for work or pays taxes.) Republicans and Democrats, conservatives and liberals, business organizations and union leaders have lined up on both sides. Amendments have switched the AFL-CIO from strong initial support to last-minute opposition.

Nonetheless, the Simpson-Mazzoli immigration bill took a long step toward becoming law last week. It survived a House vote that, late in a tension-filled roll call, appeared on the electronic scoreboards as a 210-210 tie. Final tally: 216 Congressmen (125 Democrats, 91 Republicans) for the bill; 211 (138 Democrats, 73 Republicans) against.

That did not end the marathon dispute over the first comprehensive reform of the nation's immigration laws since 1952. Differences between the House bill and one that the Senate passed overwhelmingly in May 1983 must be reconciled by a conference committee that is supposed to meet this week. Republican Senator Alan Simpson of Wyoming, a chief sponsor of the bill, has warned that he cannot accept one House amendment. Democratic Congressman Romano Mazzoli of Kentucky, the other major architect, doubts that the differences can be resolved before Congress begins its three-week summer recess Friday.

If the bill is still a live issue when the Democratic Convention meets in San Francisco on July 16, it may run into a political quagmire. Walter Mondale, Gary Hart and Jesse Jackson are all on record against it; Hispanic leaders, fearful that the bill's proposed sanctions against employers who hire illegal immigrants might lead to job discrimination against all Hispanics, would try to write an anti-Simpson-Mazzoli plank into the party platform. That, in turn, would make it more difficult for Democrats to support any bill that might emerge from the conference committee when Congress reconvenes the week after the convention.

Even so, chances of final passage appear strong enough for both supporters and opponents to begin speculation about how the bill might work in practice. There are two main obstacles to that effort. One is widespread misunderstanding, particularly among employers, of what the bill actually says. The other is the impossibility of pinning down basic information like how many aliens are living in the U.S. Laments New York Republican Congressman Bill Green, who voted for Simpson-Mazzoli: "It's hard to get a handle on the facts."

The bill's purpose is to regain "control of our own borders," in President Reagan's words, and to prevent the further explosion of a shadow society composed of immigrants who live in the U.S. outside

either the protection or the obligations of American law. To that end, Simpson-Mazzoli has two major facets, each of which presents immense administrative difficulties:

AMNESTY. Aliens who have been living continuously in the U.S. prior to a certain date could claim legal status, first as temporary, then as permanent residents of the U.S. The Senate specified the cutoff date as Jan. 1, 1980, and on that basis the Immigration and Naturalization Service estimates 1.6 million aliens might qualify. The House set a date of Jan. 1, 1982, which the INS believes could allow an additional 1.3 million immigrants to claim legal status. An obvious compromise would be to make the cutoff date Jan. 1, 1981; about 2.2 million immigrants might then be affected.

But these calculations assume that the total population of illegal aliens is somewhere around 6 million. Some experts think the real figure might be twice as high. An even more vexing question is how many immigrants would risk identifying themselves to the INS. They would have to present such documents as rent receipts, bank passbooks and paycheck stubs to prove their length of residence. Those who did so might subject themselves to dunning by the Internal Revenue Service for back taxes. Those whose documentation proved insufficient might in effect be volunteering for deportation.

"If 500,000 [aliens] come forward to claim amnesty, I will be very surprised," says Arnoldo Torres, executive director of the League of United Latin American Citizens. Other students of the bill express an opposite worry: that many aliens who came to the U.S. too late to qualify for amnesty would deluge the INS with false documents. "There is going to be an unprecedented level of *sub rosa* trading in bank deposits and rent receipts," predicts Allen Kaye, a Manhattan immigration lawyer. Also, under the House bill, aliens who qualified for temporary legal residence could claim status as permanent residents only if they could prove they had learned or were studying English and the rudiments of American history and civics. The INS has not even begun to determine how that provision might be enforced.

Aliens given legal status would have to wait five or six years to qualify for most federally funded welfare benefits, such as food stamps and Medicaid, but they would immediately become eligible for some others, like aid to pregnant women. The working estimate for the cost of Simpson-Mazzoli is [illegible] billion over five years, but the real figure will depend not only on how many immigrants become legal residents but on how generous future Congresses will be in reimbursing states and localities for the cost of extending social services to them. The Administration is worried that the cost could exceed $13 billion in only four years, but Reagan is thought likely to sign the bill anyway.

An alien sneaks through a gate into El Paso last week

EMPLOYER PENALTIES. The bill requires most employers to demand that job applicants produce documents indicating they are legal residents of the U.S. The aim is to dry up the flood of illegal immigrants across the 2,000-mile Mexican border by discouraging business people from hiring the aliens. In theory, however, the provision would apply to every type of job seeker: Wall Street investment firms would have to demand documentation for Caucasian M.B.A.s, just as Texas restaurants would for dark-skinned would-be dishwashers. The major exemption is for people who employ no more than three workers; families with a maid or gardener would not be troubled. But firms caught hiring undocumented workers could be fined up to $2,000 for each such employee. Under the Senate bill, repeated violations could lead to jail sentences of up to six months.

TERRY ASHE

A weary Mazzoli after the close vote

A flawed bill, but better than nothing.

Those prospects have excited something resembling panic among many employers. A few factories in the Los Angeles area are already laying off workers they suspect may be in the U.S. illegally. Some bosses fear they may be fined for hiring workers who present bogus credentials. These executives vow to be choosy about whom they employ, even at the risk of provoking antidiscrimination suits by rejected minority applicants. "Let 'em sue," says Arnold Schwedock, executive director of the New York-based Ladies Apparel Contractors Association. "Concern about penalties comes first."

These bosses are wildly misinterpreting the bill. Fines would apply not to employers who have illegal aliens on the payroll now, but to those who hire undocumented workers six months (House version) or one year (Senate) after Simpson-Mazzoli becomes law. Moreover, employers would have no obligation to verify the Social Security cards, birth certificates, driver's licenses or other credentials that applicants might present; in most cases, just asking to see two such documents would satisfy the Simpson-Mazzoli requirements.

The big question is whether the employer sanctions would do much more than spur a great expansion of trade in false documents. Already, phony driver's licenses sell in Los Angeles *barrios* for $40 to $50 each. "Green cards," attesting that the bearer is an alien legally permitted to work in the U.S., are forged in such quantities that they can be bought for only $12 apiece. Anyone who can get a false birth certificate and one other document, like a driver's license, can usually get a Social Security card with little trouble. In sum, critics contend, Simpson-Mazzoli's documentation requirements are beyond the ability of the INS to enforce.

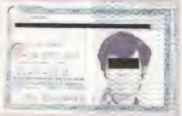
One other provision of Simpson-Mazzoli, as passed by the House, has stirred so much controversy that it might kill the whole bill. It would permit farmers, mostly in California, to import migrants to pick crops that would otherwise rot for lack of field hands. Opponents charge that those "guest workers"—the total might swell to 500,000—would be cruelly exploited. Cesar Chavez, president of the 40,000-member United Farm Workers, calls the provision a "rent-a-slave" program; the AFL-CIO and Senator Simpson

also denounce it. The provision will probably be modified or dropped in the House-Senate conference.

Simpson-Mazzoli's defenders think it can eventually slow, if not stop, the influx of new illegal immigrants, but concede that it will take time and increased enforcement (the bill would also beef up the budget for border patrols and the INS). The principal argument of the supporters is an unenthusiastic one: the bill represents the only kind of compromise that can pass Congress. In their view, the alternative is to do nothing and let an intolerable situation get worse.

A case can be made, however, that the situation is not really intolerable. Some illegal immigrants undoubtedly take work away from U.S. citizens, but many others accept necessary jobs—as janitors, busboys, farm laborers—that hardly anyone else wants. If their wages and living conditions seem substandard to many Americans, they are sufficiently better than those available in the aliens' homelands so that the immigrants keep coming, in numbers that even police-state controls would be hard put to stop. Indeed, to the extent that Simpson-Mazzoli succeeds in slowing the stream, it might replace one problem with another: new strains in U.S. relations with Mexico. The outflow of workers functions as a kind of safety valve for that country, providing an escape for people who cannot be usefully employed in the Mexican economy and would contribute to social and political unrest if they had to stay home.

That case has not been widely persuasive even among the U.S. Hispanic community, which is generally somewhat ambivalent about Simpson-Mazzoli despite the vehement protests of its leaders. Several recent polls of Hispanics turn up substantial support for many of the bill's provisions, including employer sanctions. Like other citizens, these respondents apparently view the tide of illegal immigration, rightly or wrongly, as a threat to both the jobs and wages available to legal residents. Also like other citizens, many of them worry about the capacity of the U.S. to absorb, economically and socially, an uncontrolled flow of aliens. Says Congressman Green: "The bill is not a cure-all, but it's better than what we have now." —***By George J. Church. Reported by Carolyn Lesh and Neil MacNeil/Washington, with other bureaus***



Counterfeit green card: worries about a deluge

TERRY ASHE

Though defeated, Nunn made his point

Friend and Foe

The Senate takes on NATO

In his twelve years in the Senate, Sam Nunn, the earnest Georgia Democrat, has earned a reputation for levelheaded expertise in military issues. Thus his blunt proposal last week that the U.S. withdraw one-third of its troops from Western Europe unless other NATO allies increase their own defense spending disturbed politicians on both sides of the Atlantic. Nunn's intent was to strengthen NATO, not rupture it. Said he: "This is not a petition for divorce. This is a petition for the alliance to carry out its vows." But the measure highlighted a growing belief in Washington that, as Nunn put it, "America cannot solve NATO's problems alone."

Nunn's amendment, which he submitted during the final days of Senate debate on the defense authorization bill for fiscal 1985, called on NATO countries to increase their annual defense spending by 3% after inflation. If that commitment, which was made to President Carter in 1978, was not met, the NATO allies risked a reduction in the 326,414 U.S. troops defending Western Europe. A Pentagon report released last week concluded that, of the 16 NATO countries, only the U.S., Canada and Luxembourg had consistently met the 3% goal since 1980. NATO's conventional forces, Nunn argued, currently serve as "little more than a delayed trip wire for early resort to nuclear escalation," because they could do little to halt a Soviet invasion without tactical nuclear weapons.

President Reagan telephoned Nunn to warn that his proposal would disrupt NATO at a time when the allies had just deployed controversial intermediate-range nuclear missiles. Secretary of State George Shultz traveled to the Hill to cajole key members. Also making pleas to Senators were ambassadors from West Germany, Britain and Italy. Nunn's amendment was defeated by a 55-41 vote, but only after Maine Republican William Cohen had worked out a less drastic alternative: U.S. troops would stay at the present level while the allies would be prodded to increase their commitments. Said Nunn afterward: "I achieved what I set out to do, trigger a serious debate. The main objective is to provoke European allies into doing more."

Despite the defeat of the Nunn amendment, the Administration could not claim total success when the Senate finally passed, 82-6, the defense budget at 3:57 a.m. Thursday. Reagan had requested $313 billion in military funds, which would have been a 13% annual increase after inflation; the Senate authorized expenditures of $299 billion (a 7.8% increase), but the House has approved a budget of only $292 billion. Both chambers rejected money for the development of nerve gas, but approved funding for almost every other major weapons system.

More significantly, Congress showed an increased willingness to use the defense budget to force the President's hand on arms control. By a 77-22 vote, the Senate urged Reagan to submit for ratification the 1974 Threshold Test Ban Treaty and the 1976 Peaceful Nuclear Explosions Treaty, which would limit underground nuclear detonations to 150 kilotons or less. The Senate also called on Reagan to seek a comprehensive ban on all nuclear tests and a summit conference on nuclear weapons "without preconditions or assurances of success." The House had already voted to withhold funds for the MX missile until April of next year, the money to be released only if both houses of Congress approve.

One problem in defense debates is accurately assessing the strength of Soviet and U.S. forces. According to an article published by the Arms Control Association, a private group in Washington, new Pentagon estimates show that the U.S.S.R. leads the U.S. in nuclear warheads by 34,000 to 26,000. It has long been an assumption of both hawks and doves that even though the Soviets had more land-based missiles, the U.S. led in numbers of warheads. Another report, by outgoing NATO Secretary-General Joseph Luns, revised downward the count of Soviet-bloc divisions ready to fight in Europe from 173 to 115 with a total of 4.5 million troops. (NATO now has 88 divisions, with 2.8 million soldiers.)

Reagan last week rebuked a Marine deputy chief of staff for suggesting that U.S. and Soviet strength would be put to a test. Lieut. General Bernard Trainor called a limited conventional war with the U.S.S.R. "almost inevitable" at "some point in our lifetime." The President's reply: any idea that war cannot be avoided is "one of the most dangerous things in the world." —***By Jacob V. Lamar Jr. Reported by Bruce van Voorst/Washington***

Trying to Win the Peace

Mondale fends off Hart and Jackson while seeking a Veep

In the parlance of campaign schedulers, this is "down time" for Walter Mondale, a chance to recover from one ordeal on the stump and gird for the next. With the Democratic nomination apparently in hand, Mondale loafed about his woodsy $200,000 house in North Oaks, Minn., swatted a tennis ball and pondered his choice of running mate. His aides, however, spent much of last week fretting about his unruly rivals. Gary Hart would not quit. Jesse Jackson was making threatening sounds. The Mondale camp's worst fear was that the pair would form an alliance that could turn the Democratic Convention into a political brawl. Having won the war, Mondale's men spent the week maneuvering on all fronts to win the peace.

On the whole, they were very successful. Over the weekend, Hart's advisers tentatively decided against pursuing a credentials challenge to some 600 Mondale delegates who Hart claims are "tainted" by support from political-action committees. Mondale also snared the endorsement of Massachusetts Senator Edward Kennedy. But the delicacy of Mondale's peacemaking task was illustrated by the machinations last week over the party platform. Of the 15 members of the drafting committee, a bare majority—eight—were Mondale supporters. They dutifully obeyed the commands of a rumpled, chain-smoking Mondale operative, Paul Tully, who hovered about the drafting table, flashing signals like a base coach. At one point, New York Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan, a Mondale backer, strayed by voting for a Hart-proposed tax-reform measure that Moynihan had co-sponsored in the Senate. Tully, a former Yale football tackle, lumbered over from his sideline post and put his arm on the Senator's shoulder. Sheepishly, Moynihan switched his vote.

As a compromise, the Mondale camp accepted passages of Hart rhetoric about the need for economic growth, but none of his specific legislative proposals. Wherever possible, everyone was accommodated, in true Democratic fashion. When the Hart camp asked that the platform committee include the goal of tripling the number of women in Congress by 1988, several delegates demanded tripling for blacks and Hispanics. Asked another: What about Native Americans? The solution was to call for more seats for all minorities.

This methodical catering to constituencies was going on as well at Mondale's home, in a suburb of St. Paul. The former Veep began his formal search for a running mate by interviewing a black, a Southerner and a woman: Los Angeles Mayor Tom Bradley, followed by Senator Lloyd Bentsen of Texas and San Francisco Mayor Dianne Feinstein. Although most observers said his selection was unlikely, Mayor Bradley, the son of a sharecropper, touched reporters by reminding them how remarkable it was that a presidential nominee would even consider a black running mate. A female running mate (more probably Congresswoman Geraldine Ferraro of New York than Mayor Feinstein) is becoming increasingly possible. Mondale's political adviser John Reilly said a female candidacy would offer national appeal. "It cuts across geography," he noted.

Many in the Mondale camp are lukewarm about Senator Bentsen, whose campaign style is soporific at best, though Georgia Party Chairman Bert Lance made a strong case for him when he visited Mondale. He warns, "If Mondale can't win the South, he can't be elected President." Another strong contender from the South is Arkansas Senator Dale Bumpers, who is expected to visit North Oaks in early July. Governor Mario Cuomo of New York, once considered a possibility, has firmly removed himself from consideration; he will, however, give the keynote speech at the convention.

The candidate who might best expand Mondale's base is Gary Hart. In a Harris poll released last week, the Colorado Senator performed 10 points better than Mondale in head-to-head competition against Reagan, losing by a mere 46% to 51%; Mondale trailed the President 41% to 56%. To Hart, such polling results argue that he, not Mondale, should be the presidential nominee. Hart no longer attacks Mondale personally. Indeed, his supporters are now trying to position their man as a vice-presidential candidate. In a speech at the National Press Club last week, Hart sounded like one, playing the traditional role of a feisty running mate by attacking the Reagan Administration's "routine contempt for facts and ethics."

The nominee-apparent takes time to practice his forehand before greeting Vice-Presidential Prospect Tom Bradley and sharing a laugh with Democratic Party Chairman Charles Manatt

Mondale's biggest headache is Jackson, who is trying to rally support for his claim that he has been shortchanged by party rules, since he won 21% of the popular vote but only 8% of the delegates *(see following story)*. Jackson mocked the vice-presidential screening process as a "p.r. parade of personalities," then belittled Mondale by saying that Hubert Humphrey was the "last significant politician out of the St. Paul–Minneapolis" area. Mondale brushed off the insults, yet he is in an awkward position. If he bows to Jackson, he offends other supporters, particularly Jews, who are deeply suspicious of Jackson. If he resists, he risks losing Jackson's valuable appeal to black voters.

While the antagonists warily circle, Democratic leaders search for compromises, so far without any success. Congressman Morris Udall of Arizona, who was chairman of an *ad hoc* committee looking into Jackson's grievances, wistfully noted last week, "I want a nice, boring convention. It can't be too boring for me." A calm convention, however, would seem somehow un-Democratic. It also seems unlikely. ***—By Evan Thomas. Reported by Sam Allis/North Oaks and David Beckwith/Washington***

Jackson's Puzzling Quest

Despite some words of reason, he remains the wildest card

What does Jesse Jackson want? The question gnaws at the Democrats as they try to fathom the preacher-politician's shifting moods, sometimes contradictory rhetoric and flamboyant gestures—like his trip this week to Cuba and Central America. Interpreting Jackson has become a kind of political pastime, as compelling and mysterious as predicting the next move by the Politburo.

What Jackson most clearly says he wants he cannot have. If the Democratic Party gave him the additional 400-odd delegates he demands to match his share of the popular vote in the primaries, it would eliminate Mondale's narrow majority and throw the convention into chaos. An *ad hoc* congressional committee set up by House Speaker Tip O'Neill toyed briefly with ideas such as adding nonvoting Jackson delegates to the convention and changing the rules so that Mondale could win with a simple plurality. Both proposals were rejected, and the committee instead promised to press for reform of the party rules in 1988. Said Jackson: "Justice delayed is justice denied."

At the same time, however, Jackson gave the Democrats credit for "earnestly grappling" with his grievances against party rules, including the "threshold requirement" that a candidate must win 20% of the primary vote in a district to win any delegates. This week the rules committee of the convention will take up the issue. "If we do not get an acceptable remedy from one of these commissions," said Jackson, trying to sound reasonable, "then we'll simply let the matter go before the convention floor and let the nation observe it and the convention decide it." His campaign chairman, Richard Hatcher, told TIME Correspondent Jack White that he would rather see Reagan re-elected than "take one more day of disrespect from this party." Jackson, however, has promised to support the Democratic nominee. Said he: "Both Mondale and Hart are men I respect very much."

Leaving on trip, flanked by two sons

Many Democrats began to breathe easily again, but relief is premature. True, Jackson is unlikely to sit out the election this fall, if for no other reason than that he wants to register voters to elect black officials at the state and local level. But the essential issue remains unresolved: how to give Jackson the respect he so avidly seeks and thinks he deserves. Jackson tends to equate his cause with that of blacks in general. He says he wants respect not only for himself but "for what I represent." He believes that a snub to him is a snub to blacks everywhere. Thus he was doubly indignant last week when Mondale ignored his call for a "summit" meeting of the candidates to hash out their differences.

Such a grandiose sense of self prevents Jackson from taking the first step toward conciliation. It would seem too much like groveling. In Jackson's view, blacks have too long played "surrogate, patronage or client politics." Now, he says, he is challenging Mondale and the party to treat them as equals. He is unsympathetic to the argument that Mondale cannot afford to reach out to Jackson for fear of putting off other constituencies.

Not content with his role as black champion at home, Jackson has embarked on a new career as crusader for world peace. Arriving in Panama last Saturday to start a six-day tour of Latin America, he sharply denounced U.S. policy for "taking sides instead of helping to reconcile the conflict" in the area. His itinerary called for visits to consult with President José Napoleón Duarte of El Salvador and the Marxist leaders of Cuba and Nicaragua. As always, Jackson bubbled with plans: he proposed a NATO-style regional alliance, including Cuba and Nicaragua, to cope with problems of poverty and oppression and said he would ask Fidel Castro to release 21 political prisoners held in Cuban jails. Democrats at home can only hope he shows the same desire for peace at the convention. ■

Farrakhan Fulminations

He is a bit player who will not get offstage. Minister Louis Farrakhan, the black-separatist leader of the Nation of Islam movement and a supporter of Jesse Jackson, has threatened a black newspaper reporter with death and called Hitler a "great man," albeit a "wicked" one. His latest provocation is to embrace Muammar Gaddafi. After returning from a visit with the Libyan dictator this month, Farrakhan reportedly told a congregation in Boston, "America, you should be ashamed of yourself . . . It is you who are the outlaw. How can a leader of a little country like Libya terrorize the world?" He told the Boston *Herald*, "Since it is not divinely backed . . . the state of Israel is an outlaw state."

Farrakhan's outrageous statements have been roundly denounced by liberal leaders. "We cannot pretend we do not see or hear when Louis Farrakhan predicts race war by 1986," said Senator Edward Kennedy in an eloquent speech a fortnight ago on the dangerous rifts that have come between Jews and blacks. "Such conduct can never be condoned and it must be unequivocally condemned." Civil Rights Leader Bayard Rustin called on Jackson to repudiate Farrakhan. George McGovern last week asked how Jackson could "swallow a self-evident anti-Semitic bigot and life-threatening bully such as Louis Farrakhan."

NORTON—THE BOSTON HERALD

Fiery minister in Boston

Jackson, who curtly dismisses questions about Farrakhan these days, has gradually distanced himself from the leader of the small (estimated 10,000 members) Black Muslim sect. Eleven weeks ago Jackson demoted Farrakhan from "surrogate" to "supporter," and the two men have not appeared on the same platform since. Nonetheless, Nation of Islam bodyguards still appear at Jackson rallies, and they served as security on a recent impromptu trip to Tijuana, Mexico. By failing to repudiate Farrakhan and his inflammatory rhetoric, Jackson continues to raise questions about his claim to be a conciliator and peacemaker.

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Gift from Sri Lanka: Reagan strokes Asian baby elephant whose name means victory

Lesson in a driving simulator

Passing the torch at the Games for Disabled

At White House fish fry, with Daughter Maureen, left, Alaska Senator Ted Stevens and his wife

Nation

Photo Op.

His week was picture-perfect

It may have been a bumpy week for Democratic hopefuls, what with squabbles over the party platform and delegate-selection rules, but for the opposition presidential candidate it was all smooth sailing. Ronald Reagan just breezed along, stroking an elephant here, downing a catfish there and most of all relishing his most recent in-house poll showing him outpacing Walter Mondale, at least for the shining moment, by a thumping 54% to 39%. Said a top aide: "There's no question that Reagan is on a high right now."

So while the Democrats were sorting through the debris of their primary battles, Reagan spent the week doing what he does best: starring in a series of photo opportunities. It started on Long Island, where the President visited the International Games for the Disabled. He watched as more than 1,700 participants from 45 nations paraded past, many in wheelchairs, others on crutches. Among them were delegations from Poland, Hungary and East Germany, all countries that are boycotting the Summer Games. Reagan passed a flaming Olympic torch to Swimmer Jan Wilson, 28, an amputee from Winston-Salem, N.C., and said, "You are proving that a disability doesn't have to stand in the way of a full and active life."

Next it was back to Washington for a state dinner for Sri Lanka's President, Junius Jayawardene (entertainment by Frank Sinatra), and a ceremonial trunk-shake with an 18-month-old baby elephant, a gift from Jayawardene. Reagan was told that the elephant's name was Jayathu, which in Sinhala means victory. Said Reagan: "In view of her name, I appreciate your fine sense of timing."

Even when the President turned his attention to a serious domestic issue, teenage drunk driving, the scenes were scripted to be picture-perfect. Reagan traveled to the River Dell High School in Oradell, N.J., site of an ambitious anti-alcoholism program. Flanked by photographers, he cracked, "I don't drive much any more," then climbed into a simulator designed to test the reflexes of vehicle operators. Why this trip? Explains an aide: "We're trying to create an overall image that he's on the side of the angels."

Back at the White House, Reagan hosted an outdoor fish fry attended by 800 Congressmen and seafood-industry officials. The fare included salmon, lobster, oysters and catfish. Conspicuous by his absence was House Speaker Tip O'Neill, whom White House aides had invited to join Reagan at the head picnic table. O'Neill's aides said the event had never been on the Speaker's schedule. Ventured an observer: "He had other fish to fry." ■

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–*Car and Driver,* Dec. 1983
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Hard-Line Stand

Cutting aid to stop abortion

Although the U.S. has long sought to ease the problem of overpopulation in the Third World, federal law bans the use of U.S. funds to finance abortions overseas. The Reagan Administration is now considering an even more stringent policy: withholding family-planning assistance from any population-control program funded by governments or private organizations that sanction abortion as a method of birth control. The plan was hailed by pro-life groups, but it has perplexed foreign aid experts, State Department officials and population control groups.

Reagan advisers in the Office of Policy Development drew up the severe new proposal for review by governmental agencies in May. Its announced purpose: to serve as a position paper for a United Nations conference on population that begins in Mexico City on Aug. 6. The draft policy, however, seems primarily aimed at the Republican Convention in Dallas, which opens two weeks later. Reagan's pro-life supporters have long been lobbying the President for strong action against abortion.

Some conservative Congressmen have rallied around the new plan, which officials from the Agency for International Development have calculated could slash U.S. aid to family-planning programs by as much as half, to $120 million a year. State Department officials fear that the proposal could lead to sharp and embarrassing attacks on the U.S. at the Mexico City conference and further diplomatic setbacks in America's uneasy relations with China and India.

Demographers question the Administration's statement that unchecked population growth is not necessarily a major obstacle to Third World progress. That view contradicts most development studies. Instead, the White House faulted state-controlled economies, arguing that only a free-market system raises living standards, causing birth rates to fall and eliminating the need for birth control programs.

White House officials have already begun sounding out the State Department and AID in preparation for a watered-down compromise of the anti-abortion proposal. By the time the statement is ironed out for presentation in Mexico City, it is very likely that aid cutoffs will be less severe than currently proposed. In fact, a draft now being circulated at the White House deletes the cutoffs entirely. Nonetheless, the Administration's strong opposition to abortion is not liable to change. As the election approaches, the President's men seem determined to bring population policy abroad more fully into line with the views of anti-abortion voters at home. ■

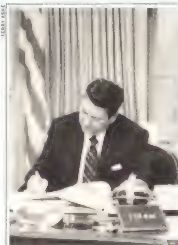
The Presidency/Hugh Sidey

Searching for a Pen Pal

The idea is that Ronald Reagan leans back in his leather barrel chair, takes out his felt-tipped pen, looks out over the Rose Garden and writes a note to the other member of the superpower club, Konstantin Chernenko.

About that time Secretary of State George Shultz drops by for a private gab with the boss, who shows him the letter. George likes it and says the President ought to send it. So Ron gets it typed up on the azure linen stationery, embossed with the Presidential Seal, that Presidents have used for more than 100 years.

The idea is that the note, once in the chubby fingers of Chernenko, suggests a certain intimacy and shared responsibility that only the two of them can appreciate. The hope is to plant in the Soviet leader's mind the hint that Ron might not be all bad and maybe the two should warm up.


TERRY ASHE

A reach for human touch on azure paper

In fact, Reagan has written half a dozen letters on his azure linen paper and sent them to Moscow. They all had a personal touch. Sometimes Reagan added a postscript, not the usual form in diplomatic messages. Other times he made certain to foreshadow events, like the fact that he would announce an idea for a chemical-warfare treaty and send Vice President George Bush to Geneva to present it. So far, Reagan is still waiting for a warm, even a human, reply.

It has been an enduring act of faith for all Presidents since Franklin Roosevelt that somewhere within their Soviet counterparts is the same human stuff they possess and that if they can touch it, there will follow some understanding. They write letters and wait. Mostly they are disappointed. The replies are boilerplate committee jargon. Roosevelt did a little better with Stalin because they were allied in a great war. But Harry Truman, who sort of liked "old Joe" after Potsdam and tried to make him a pen pal, soon found there was not enough of a relationship to discourage Stalin from trying to consolidate his grip on Eastern Europe and starve out West Berlin.

John Kennedy figured he had made a strike by persuading Nikita Khrushchev to meet with him in Vienna. But man-to-man he could not even get Khrushchev to admit that killing 70 million people with nuclear weapons in ten minutes was a bad idea. "I never met anybody like that," J.F.K. marveled. There was something else where the heart was supposed to be.

Or was there? That is the question that continues to intrigue Presidents. Are these Soviets really heartless or are they so intimidated by the system that they cannot act human? Richard Nixon and his Secretary of State Henry Kissinger believed they had found at least an auricle of Leonid Brezhnev, and détente followed. Jimmy Carter, who hand-penned some notes to Brezhnev, even thought the replies were special—until the Soviets invaded Afghanistan.

Presidents cannot give up. Reagan, while recovering from his gunshot wound, wrote out six or seven pages to Brezhnev with his feelings about making the world better for the plain people of both countries. The President showed his draft to the bureaucrats, who translated it into incomprehensible language. Reagan rejected the rewrite and sent his version instead. Back came the boiler plate.

Brezhnev's failing health was believed to be one reason for the sterile response to Reagan's first Kremlin missive. The exhaustive analysis of each phrase and word that the national-security experts made of Yuri Andropov's replies gave hope there was a personal heartbeat coming through. But when doctors hooked him up to the kidney-dialysis machine, they must have plugged in his pen too. His later responses seemed drained of life. The latest letter Reagan sent to Chernenko met with such a canned response that Reagan brought it up publicly two weeks ago, an unusual show of frustration. Discouraged? Reagan has rarely met another human that he felt he could not soften a bit. Even now he may be looking at the red geraniums outside his office window and on a yellow legal pad be scribbling "Dear Mr. Chairman . . . ."

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Rewriting a Rite of Passage

Washington debates a uniform drinking age of 21

For Ronald Reagan, it was a rare change of heart on a matter of principle, and an even more uncommon public acknowledgment of that about-face. "Some may feel that my decision is at odds with my philosophical viewpoint that state problems should involve state solutions," the President said to a high school audience last week in Oradell, N.J. However, he went on, "in a case like this, where the problem is so clear-cut, then I have no misgivings about a judicious use of federal inducements to encourage the states to get moving."

KOZAK—WASHINGTON TIMES

Lautenberg and Lightner, right, at a rally

A double pendulum swing over two decades.

The issue that stirred the President is the establishment of a uniform 21-year-old minimum drinking age to reduce alcohol-related traffic deaths. Though Reagan has long favored setting the drinking age at 21, his turn-around came in his throwing support to a bill passed by the House. The legislation would penalize states with lower drinking ages by withholding a portion of their federal highway funds. The Senate is expected this week to debate a proposal, sponsored by Democrat Frank Lautenberg of New Jersey and Republican Lowell Weicker of Connecticut, containing the same punitive measures plus some bonus incentives for states that take additional steps against drunken driving. "This slaughter hurts us as a people," the President said. "It tears up the fabric of society by bringing grief to families, guilt to friends and loss to the community."

The legal drinking age in many states has taken a double pendulum swing over the past two decades. During the late '60s and early '70s, when teen-agers were being drafted for military service in Viet Nam, more than half of all state legislatures lowered the minimum to 18 or 19. Since 1976, however, at least 20 states have voted to raise their drinking age. Last fall a presidential commission on drunken driving strongly recommended a uniform drinking age of 21. But since autumn, only four additional states have boosted age requirements; 19 states have considered and rejected such legislation.

The House measure would provide a grace period of 15 months to the 29 states and the District of Columbia that now permit the sale of alcohol to 18- to 20-year-olds. Any state that failed to enact the new federal standard of 21 by 1987 would lose 5% of its federal highway funds for that year and 10% in 1988. There is little doubt that the threat of losing highway money, amounting to tens of millions of dollars in populous states, would press most noncomplying legislatures into action. Says Idaho State Representative Linden Bateman: "If the federal legislation passes, the law will also pass in Idaho."

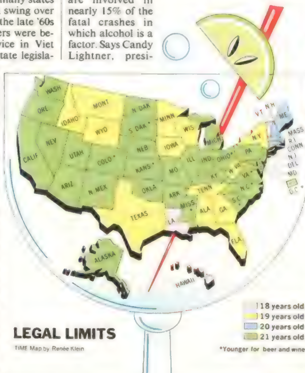
Supporters of the bill point out that teen-agers and young adults aged 16 to 24 are involved in a shocking 42% of all fatal alcohol-related accidents, though they constitute only 20% of licensed drivers and account for less than 20% of total vehicle miles driven. Teen-agers from 16 to 19 make up just 7% of licensed drivers but are involved in nearly 15% of the fatal crashes in which alcohol is a factor. Says Candy Lightner, president of Mothers Against Drunk Drivers (MADD),* of the pro-21 proposals: "There is nothing more important today than reducing the No. 1 killer and crippler of young Americans."

Raising the drinking age, supporters contend, would save as many as 1,250 of the 5,000 teen-age lives lost each year in auto accidents caused by intoxication, and would also cut into the toll of some 20,000 older drunken-driving victims. A study by the Insurance Institute for Highway Safety of accident patterns in nine states that raised the drinking age shows an average 28% drop in fatal nighttime crashes involving under-21 age groups. Polls show 77% of Americans favor a drinking age of 21. Sums up New Jersey Congressman James Florio: "The 21-year-old drinking age is a straightforward and proven way to save lives. The public understands this."

Opponents question whether the picture is quite that simple. The rate of reduced fatalities in the Insurance Institute study, for example, varied wildly among the states examined: from 6% to 75% in eight states and none at all in Montana. In New York, where the drinking age was raised from 18 to 19 in December 1982, 18-year-olds were involved in about 42% fewer fatal drunken-driving accidents in 1983 than in 1982; but the rate for drinking-age 19-year-olds fell by 29%, suggesting that both declines may have been caused by an outside factor like more stringent law enforcement. Furthermore, argue critics of the pro-21 measure, foreclosing the privileges of the more than 99% of teen-agers who never get involved in alcohol-related accidents is unfair. Says Gene Adams, director of legislative affairs for Florida Governor Robert Graham: "You are a legal adult at 18 in Florida for all other purposes. You can marry, incur debts, sign contracts, vote. You should have the right to drink, especially in the home you bought."

Legislation to erect barriers between teen-age drivers and alcohol, of course, will never provide more than a partial solution to the national problem of youth-caused road carnage. Admits Bob Anastas, executive director of Students Against Driving Drunk (SADD): "I just know that no matter what you do, you're still going to have kids drinking and driving." That grim fact is no excuse for not trying. But it provides a cautionary note against viewing the current proposal as a panacea, any more than was the Noble Experiment: Prohibition.

—*By William R. Doerner. Reported by Laurence I. Barrett and Neil MacNeil/Washington, with other bureaus*



LEGAL LIMITS

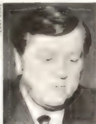
TIME Map by Renée Klein

*Founded by Lightner in May 1980, the same month her 13-year-old daughter was killed by a drunken driver.

American Notes

WASHINGTON

Facing a House Reprimand


Congressman Hansen

Said Republican Congressman George Hansen of Idaho last week: "It is no fun trying to be responsible in the irresponsible atmosphere of the nation's capital." No fun, indeed. Two weeks ago, Hansen, 53, was sentenced by a federal judge to serve five to 15 months in prison and pay a $40,000 fine for filing false financial-disclosure statements to Congress. Last week the House Ethics Committee delivered a different rap, this one to Hansen's knuckles as it recommended that he suffer the formal reprimand of the full House for his crimes. During that hearing, the unrepentant Hansen exclaimed, "I should have robbed a bank! I would have had the money, and not as big a penalty."

The committee had other options, including recommendation of a motion of censure, a heavy fine or even expulsion from the House. Hansen had failed to report several large-scale financial transactions totaling some $334,000 over four years, including a concealed loan of $61,000 to his wife Connie from Texas Billionaire Nelson Bunker Hunt in 1978. Hansen, who voluntarily refrained from voting in the House after his conviction, was the first convicted felon permitted to continue serving in that chamber since Michigan Democrat Charles Diggs was convicted in 1978 for diverting employees' salaries to his own use.

CIVIL RIGHTS

Was the Punishment a Crime?

For the 300 or so members of the Northeast Kingdom Community Church in tiny Island Pond, Vt. (est. pop. 1,200), corporal punishment of children is part of their Fundamentalist creed. But to their neighbors, it looked like child abuse. There were reports from former church members that babies less than six months old were hit with wooden rods. One 13-year-old girl was said to have been beaten for eight hours, until her body was covered with welts, as punishment for telling a lie. Said Linda Schneider, a former church member: "A child would cry, and they would beat him with a rod until he was 'obedient.' That was their favorite word."

Last week a force of 80 police officers, accompanied by 50 social workers, raided communal homes of church members and took away 112 children for medical evaluations. Church members charged that the raids were a form of religious persecution and a violation of the constitutional separation of church and state. Vermont officials insisted they were protecting the rights of the children. A state judge, after a closed court proceeding, refused to detain the youngsters. By day's end all the children were on their way home with their parents. A lawyer for some of the parents said that charges may be filed against the police for civil rights violations.

CONCERTS

Laying the Glove on Michael

While Michael Jackson fans across the nation eagerly await the Jacksons' upcoming megatour, city fathers in Foxboro, Mass. (pop. 14,200), last week did the unthinkable. They banned a performance there by the Gloved One, citing "security considerations" and fear of the "unknown element" that might descend upon the town. Foxboro officials were accused of racism, namely trying to keep out black teens who might travel from nearby Boston for the concert, a charge that the officials heatedly denied. Meanwhile, the tour's promoters were being criticized for the way a ticket lottery was being handled. Jackson concert tickets, priced at $30 apiece, must be bought in blocks of four, and the money paid in advance. If the tickets have not arrived by two days before the concert, the fans are to assume they have not won admission. Refunds will be made up to eight weeks later. The Jacksons will keep the interest that piles up while a projected $1 billion sits in the bank. The expected gross receipts from the tour, not including souvenirs: $100 million.

MIAMI

The Invasion of Florida

Illustration of medfly

Florida Commissioner of Agriculture Doyle Conner was attending a meeting of Southern farm officials in Baton Rouge, La., last week when he got the news. He left immediately for Miami. There, in a sour-orange tree in the backyard of a home in the Little Havana district, a state agriculture inspector had discovered one female and three male Mediterranean fruit flies in a trap. The medfly, as it is known, is a dreaded pest that could devastate Florida's billion-dollar citrus and vegetable industry if allowed to spread. Said Conner: "We're very concerned. This is obviously an infestation."

An eradication program was immediately launched. An 81-sq.-mi. area surrounding the find was put under quarantine, and aerial spraying of the pesticide Malathion, successfully used in California's $100 million 1980-82 war against the flies, began. Farm officials believe the flies may have entered the state on a plane or boat from Central or South America.

DENVER

Gunning Down a Talk-Show Host

Victim Alan Berg

He called himself "the man that Denver loves to hate" and delighted in insulting his listeners. He liked to boast that his enemies included the Ku Klux Klan, the Palestine Liberation Organization, the American Nazi party and a legion of crank callers. His Denver radio station, KOA, even kept a list of people who had threatened his life. Thus when combative Radio Talk-Show Host Alan Berg, 50, was gunned down in his driveway late one night last week, many wondered at first which of his listeners was the killer.

Berg, a onetime Chicago trial lawyer, earned influential friends and an estimated audience of 200,000 during the decade he dominated the Denver radio scene with his attention-grabbing, listener-baiting style. Said he: "I stick it to the audience and they love it." The morning after Berg's death a steady stream of mourners filed slowly past his rented condominium. Fans telephoned Berg's KOA outlet from some 30 states. Callers were comforted by KOA disc jockeys sobbing their way through their own shows. A blind man was led to Berg's garage door so that he could put his fingers into the bullet holes. Of this bizarre circus atmosphere, Peter Boyles, a radio talk-show host and close friend of Berg's, said, "Alan would have loved it." And, no doubt, would have had plenty to say about it.

EUROPE

Scowling Voters

A new challenge to the Continent's leaders

It was supposed to be a political snapshot that just might catch a picture of the grass-roots trends in Western Europe. But the image that developed last week was blurred and distorted, a reflection of a Continent scowling and at odds with itself. Voters from the ten-nation European Community had gone to the polls to elect 434 members of the European Parliament, the largely ineffectual assembly that holds fading hopes of linking national politics to a united Europe. If the 60% turnout was low by European standards, voters could hardly be blamed: the campaign had focused on narrow national issues, largely ignoring the Continent's broader concerns.

Thus the election amounted to a series of national opinion polls that invited voters to criticize those in power without taking the risk of sending them packing. The outcome came as a blow to most of the ten leaders who will meet this week in the French city of Fontainebleau to deal with issues that have condemned the Community to semiparalysis. Said a senior official in Brussels: "Insofar as everyone emerges weaker, it is not good. There are only negative signs."

More ominously, there were symptoms of frustration with politics-as-usual that strengthened extremist parties on both the right and the left. In France, the anti-immigrant, law-and-order National Front, a far-right organization led by Jean-Marie Le Pen, a former paratrooper, won 11% of the vote. The chief victims in France were the Communists, who have four seats in Socialist President François Mitterrand's Cabinet. They dropped to 11.3% of the vote, their lowest showing since 1932 and the most crushing blow in a long decline. In West Germany, it was the surge of the environmentalist, anti-NATO Green Party that shocked the political establishment by winning 8.2% of the vote. In Italy, the Communists for the first time garnered more ballots than any other party, including the Christian Democrats, who have dominated the country's governments since 1945.

The vote did not alter the basic center-right orientation of the Strasbourg-based European Parliament, which is a largely consultative body with some influence but few practical powers. Yet the hints of political polarization pointed toward a period of uncertainty in France and, to a lesser degree, in West Germany. In almost every major country, the election forced governments as well as opposition leaders to reconsider their strategies in the light of what appeared to be a newly volatile and irritated electorate.

The disillusionment arises from a feeling that the Continent is mired in political and economic difficulties for which no solution is in sight. Nearly three decades after its birth, the European Community is far from being the incipient United States of Europe that its founders dreamed of. Instead, it is a loose grouping of countries that bicker interminably over farm budgets and milk prices, customs duties and value-added taxes. Economic growth for Western Europe will average only about 2.5% this year, or just half the U.S. rate. Europeans who in the mid-'70s looked on the U.S. as a nation weakened by Viet Nam, Watergate and economic stagnation now marvel at the fact that Americans have created 13.2 million new jobs in the decade following the first oil shock in 1973, while Europe has lost 1.5 million. Adding to the malaise is Europe's realization that it is losing ground to Japan and other East Asian nations in the competition for world markets. The old Continent's problem has aptly been diagnosed as "Eurosclerosis."

No one in France had expected Mitterrand's Socialist-Communist alliance to survive the elections without some damage. In opinion polls and local elections, the government had steadily been slipping since it came to power in 1981 with an overwhelming legislative majority. No sounding, however, had warned that the Socialists would get a mere 20.8% of the total. Even counting the Communist votes, the left's combined total of 32% could only be interpreted as a stunning rejection of the government.

The largest share of the French vote, nearly 43%, went to the center-right opposition, which was united under the leadership of Simone Veil, a Minister of Health under former President Valéry Giscard d'Estaing. Yet, despite the center-right's cries of victory, there was uncertainty over how to deal with the far-right National Front, which shrilly advocates old-fashioned morality and the return of France's 4.45 million immigrants to their countries of origin. The center-right fell well below the magic 50% that would have allowed it to boast that it represented "the real majority" in France.

The collapse of the Communists raised questions about the continued pres-

West Germany's Kohl casts his ballot

France's Mitterrand, above, and Britain's Thatcher

ence in the Cabinet of the four Communist ministers as well as the future of Party Leader Georges Marchais, who has not spoken publicly about the voting results. Marchais's pro-Soviet line has been under fire by some French comrades since the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan and Moscow's crackdown on Poland. The party was further handicapped by its ambivalent role as both a junior partner in the Mitterrand Cabinet and a critic of the government's unpopular economic austerity measures. Said a government official last week: "The Communists' best bet might be to leave the government now. Maybe a round of hard-nosed opposition would help them pull themselves together." In the longer run, Mitterrand may have to change the electoral strategy that brought him to power. To find a parliamentary majority in the difficult 1986 elections, the French President must seek new allies, presumably on the center-left.

West German Chancellor Helmut Kohl had more reason than most of his colleagues to be satisfied with the outcome of the election. With 46%, his ruling Christian Democrats lost only 3.2 percentage points compared with their showing in last year's national elections. For a party in power, that was an exceptional performance, especially when compared with that of the opposition Social Democrats, who dropped 3.4% from last year despite a campaign appeal to "send the government a reminder." But Kohl and his ministers had little cause to celebrate: the Free Democratic Party, the small but pivotal junior partner in the governing coalition, took such a beating that it appeared to be threatened with extinction. Responding to the election setback, Foreign Minister Hans-Dietrich Genscher announced that he would step down as leader of the Free Democrats early next year to enable the party to develop "a new image with a new face."

West Germany's new third force now seems to be the Greens. With their strong positions against nuclear power, NATO missiles and environmental pollution, the Greens appear to have taken a substantial number of votes away from the Social Democrats. Said Johannes Rau, the Social Democratic premier of the state of North-Rhine Westphalia: "Our job is to lure our voters back from the Greens and to achieve an absolute majority of our own." If that effort means taking the same position as the Greens on many issues, West German politics will grow even more polarized. Curiously, one of the few people who did not take the environmentalists' success too seriously was Petra Kelly, the U.S.-educated activist who helped found the party. "It was hardly a real gain," she told TIME Correspondent Gary Lee. "In a federal election people would not have been so quick to give the Greens a vote." But as a West German Foreign Ministry official observed, "The Greens have given notice that they are a party with staying power."

FORNACIARI—GAMMA/LIAISON

Italian Communists celebrate their victory in Rome's Piazza Navona

In a typically byzantine twist of Italian politics, the Christian Democrats actually celebrated the outcome of an election in which, for the first time, the Communist Party came in ahead, with 33.3%. What pleased the second-place Christian Democrats (33%) was that they had finally arrested their steady decline, slightly increasing their share from an all-time low of 32.4% in last year's national elections. The Communists' narrow victory actually owed much to a wave of popular sympathy following the unexpected death on June 12 of their charismatic leader, Enrico Berlinguer. Exclaimed the party daily *L'Unità:* A TURNING POINT!

Italy's big loser was Prime Minister Bettino Craxi, whose Socialist Party lost .2% from its 11.4% score in 1983. Craxi in effect had won the Prime Minister's job last Aug. 4 by threatening to force new elections on the reluctant Christian Democrats, who feared a further setback. Now such pressure may not have the same effect: Craxi's days in power could be numbered if the Christian Democrats decide to bring him down. The decline of smaller center groups left the Christian Democrats and the Communists, known in Italy as the "two whales," to continue their long duel for power.

MAOUS—GAMMA/LIAISON

French Right-Winger Jean-Marie Le Pen

Frustration with politics as usual.

Of all the members of the European Community, Britain produced the lowest turnout at the polls: 32.1%, mainly because of apathy. Both Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher's Conservatives and the Labor Party, which is reviving under the leadership of Neil Kinnock, had reasons for satisfaction. The Tories (41.3%) did better than the opinion polls had forecast, while Labor (36.4%) nearly doubled its representation in the Parliament. The major casualty was the Liberal–Social Democrat Alliance, which garnered 19.5% of the vote but failed to gain a single seat in Strasbourg. Reason: the Thatcher government had rejected proportional representation as practiced on the Continent in favor of Britain's system of electing representatives by districts. Said Liberal Leader David Steel: "It is ironic that the West German Greens and the French National Front have made a breakthrough while the Alliance got 2½ times as many votes as they did."

Blurred though it may be, the political snapshot of the European Community's four major countries may hold some clues to the future: a traditional political stability in Britain and a more peculiar variety in Italy, rising tensions in France, and a slow-motion search for new political patterns in West Germany. Largely ignored but not forgotten in these elections were the frustrating national arguments over money that have stalled the European movement. For that, too, the voters punished their governments. —***By Frederick Painton. Reported by William Rademaekers/Bonn and Thomas A. Sancton/Paris, with other bureaus***

Chernenko and Mitterrand in the Kremlin: speeches but no give-and-take

DIPLOMACY

Not Even an Ironic Smile

As the Soviets dig in, Mitterrand chides them about Sakharov

The 140 guests had sat down at a huge U-shaped table in the Kremlin's frescoed Palace of Facets for the official Soviet banquet in honor of French President François Mitterrand. No sooner had the caviar appeared than the traditional toasts began. Soviet Leader Konstantin Chernenko, who had been enjoying hearty laughs with Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko, remained seated as he pulled out his prepared text. He began predictably enough by saluting the two countries' longstanding friendship, but then moved into a calibrated criticism of France for supporting NATO's deployment of new U.S. nuclear missiles in Western Europe. The Soviet leader omitted from his spoken remarks a passage that was contained in the prepared translation distributed to guests and later read over Soviet TV. "Those who try to give us advice on matters of human rights do nothing but provoke an ironic smile among us," it read. "We will not permit anyone to interfere in our affairs."

As applause followed the dutiful clinking of vodka glasses, Mitterrand rose to deliver his response. Alternately reading from notes and ad-libbing, the French President paid tribute to Soviet bravery during World War II ("I know the price you paid with spilled blood and 20 million dead"), but then blamed the Soviets' SS-20 missiles for upsetting the nuclear balance in Europe. When Mitterrand cited the 1975 Helsinki accords, which included a pledge to respect human rights, the guests realized what was coming. "All constraint against liberty could cast doubt on those freely accepted principles," Mitterrand intoned. "That is why we sometimes speak to you of the cases of individuals, some of whom have attained a symbolic dimension. That is the way to understand the emotion that exists in Europe and many other places for what affects some citizens of your country ... That is the case of Professor Sakharov."

At the mention of Andrei Sakharov's name in French, Chernenko's hand went up to his ear and he looked puzzled. Defense Minister Dmitri Ustinov, who was seated next to French Transport Minister Charles Fiterman, one of four Communists in Mitterrand's Cabinet, uttered an audible sigh of impatience. When the Russian translation was read by the interpreter, a stir crossed the hall. But Chernenko did not even smile ironically, and 55 minutes later the banquet was over.

Mitterrand was the most important Western leader to venture to Moscow since NATO began to install new missiles in Europe last November. A principal purpose was to persuade the Soviets to renew the frozen East-West dialogue. The Kremlin used Mitterrand's visit to reject U.S. President Ronald Reagan's offer, made at a press conference one week earlier, to meet with Chernenko. At the end of Mitterrand's first full day, Kremlin Spokesman Leonid Zamyatin declared that "there has been no change in the American position that would make a summit meeting a real and concrete possibility."

Bild—Zeitung's contested photo of Sakharov
His fate remains a mystery.

Asked about Sakharov, the Nobel Peace prizewinner whose fate has been a mystery since he reportedly began a hunger strike May 2, Zamyatin grew red in the face. "You have 2 million unemployed!" he lectured American correspondents. "Academician Sakharov works. He has a wage of $1,125 a month. He lives well, he eats well, and he is all right in all respects."

Support for that notion seemed to come from photos of Sakharov and his wife Yelena Bonner that appeared in the West German tabloid *Bild Zeitung* on the eve of Mitterrand's visit. The newspaper explained that the pictures had been provided by Victor Louis, an English-speaking Soviet journalist who is widely believed to have KGB connections. One photo purports to show Sakharov strolling through a park in Gorky, the city 250 miles east of Moscow to which he has been exiled, on June 15. "Photos don't prove anything," Sakharov's stepdaughter Tatyana Yankelevich declared after she saw the picture in Paris. It was impossible to determine whether the photo was authentic. There are reports that Sakharov has been put under the care of a Soviet doctor who specializes in "artificial nutrition." The treatment is said to involve a technique that is used with patients who cannot swallow because they have throat cancer. Regardless of his health, Sakharov is an increasingly troublesome issue for the Soviets. Summed up his stepson Alexei Semyonov in Washington last week: "Sakharov is dangerous because his inward development as a person has led him to a state of freedom and courage."

Mitterrand's working session with Chernenko was stiff and formal: the leaders each read from prepared drafts, but there was no give-and-take. Only just before the banquet did the two withdraw for an hourlong private discussion. Mitterrand later described Chernenko, who appeared frail but not perceptibly ill, as an informed, nimble and animated interlocutor, with more autonomy than Mitterrand had previously thought.

Before leaving for Volgograd (formerly Stalingrad, the scene of a decisive Soviet victory against the Germans in 1942), Mitterrand said that the U.S.-Soviet dialogue currently appears to be so chilled that it is "closer to the pole than the equator." A senior Western diplomat expressed a similar view: "We are in for a long haul of this Soviet mood. The Soviets have dug themselves in and they are going to have difficulty digging themselves out." —***By Hunter R. Clark. Reported by Erik Amfitheatrof/Moscow and Jordan Bonfante with Mitterrand***

SOVIET UNION

Big Bang

Blast destroys a naval depot

"It was a biggie." Those were the words that a U.S. intelligence official used last week to describe the explosion that ripped through the Soviet naval munitions depot at Severomorsk, 900 miles north of Moscow. Judging from the sketchy details that are known, he was not exaggerating. The blast apparently caused such destruction last month that Western analysts initially thought that a nuclear bomb had gone off. After studying satellite photos and other intelligence, they finally concluded that the big bang had come from the explosion of a large cache of conventional weapons.

How many people were killed or injured remains a mystery. According to some counts, as many as a third of the surface-to-air and cruise missiles in the arsenal of the Soviet navy's northern fleet went up in smoke. But U.S. officials warned against attaching too much strategic importance to the accident. If an actual conflict came, said a senior Administration Kremlin watcher, the Soviets would "fire what they had on hand."

When Western reporters asked him about the explosion, Kremlin Spokesman Leonid Zamyatin replied evasively, "I have not seen that information, so I cannot tell you whether it is true or not." Western analysts suspect that careless handling might have triggered the blast. Located near a cluster of naval installations on the Kola Peninsula, Severomorsk serves as a major ammunition depot for the 148 surface ships, nearly 200 submarines, 425 warplanes and one aircraft carrier that are attached to the Soviet Union's northern fleet.

Normally, weapons would not have been stockpiled in such great quantities in one place. But in April the fleet had conducted the largest Soviet naval maneuvers ever in the North Atlantic; the missiles would have played a vital defensive role in the war games. A senior officer in the British Royal Navy says that if the damage estimates are accurate, "the Soviet northern fleet could not put to sea as a viable combat force for some months." ■

HIRES—GAMMA LIAISON

Officials watch as a woman casts her vote

POLAND

Ballot Battle

Was it victory or dissent?

Most of the midday voters at polling station 202 in the Warsaw industrial suburb of Ursus dutifully accepted the printed ballots listing the official slate of candidates and dropped them into the large white-and-red box without a moment's hesitation. But one elderly man insisted on his right to consider alternative choices, noting that "nobody buys a cat in a bag." As he stepped into the booth conspicuously provided for that purpose, amused polling officials heard him sarcastically exclaim as he marked his ballot, "What a surprise! They even provide pencils to cross out these names."

In another district of the Polish capital, a middle-aged woman was on her way to work when a plainclothes policeman stopped her on the street and asked why she was not walking in the direction of her voting station. Summoning up her courage, the woman told the policeman to stick to the business of keeping the peace, and kept on walking.

Poles registered their personal protests in many ways last week during the first elections held since martial law was declared in December 1981. Even so, most of the country appears to have participated in the voting for 7,040 regional and 103,388 local councils, despite calls for a boycott from leaders of Solidarity, the disbanded independent trade union. At a midnight press conference, jubilant government officials projected the total turnout at 75% of Poland's 26 million eligible voters. The regime had viewed the elections as a referendum on the leadership of Premier General Wojciech Jaruzelski, and he was quick to interpret the high turnout as proof that "the great majority of society" backed the government.

Disappointed Solidarity supporters charged that the authorities had inflated the figures by 10% to 15%. They claimed, for example, that at one polling station in the industrial city of Nowa Huta the turnout was a mere 10%. One Pole who was a definite no-show at his polling place was Solidarity's former elected leader, Lech Walesa. The mustachioed electrician who caught the world's attention during Poland's short-lived era of renewal went to morning Mass in Gdansk and then headed off to a favorite fishing hole. Walesa had told Poles that he would suspend his political activities unless they heeded the boycott. That vow prompted Jerzy Urban, the government's abrasive press spokesman, to say, "Go and ask him whether he will fulfill this pledge or if he will back out of it and make fools of you for the 100th time."

The official figure of 74.95%, if accurate, was impressive when compared with voter tallies in the U.S., but it fell far short of the 98.87% turnout recorded in the elections four years ago, just before Solidarity's birth. The voting appeared to be heaviest in rural districts, where villagers are generally more conservative and are dependent on the good will of local officials for allotments of fertilizer and farm equipment. In contrast, Lodz and Cracow, Poland's second- and third-largest cities, registered turnouts of only 64%. Poland's powerful Roman Catholic Church took no position for or against the boycott. Urban claimed last week that 38% of the clergy had gone to the polls and that five of 87 bishops cast ballots. When Polish journalists requested a picture of Primate Jozef Cardinal Glemp voting, the government-run photo agency said that none would be available because of the "lack of a photo opportunity."

Government officials acknowledged that elections would have to be held again in at least 85 of the nation's 23,214 districts, where less than half of all the eligible voters had cast ballots. "These are the citizens who maintain their skepticism of our actions," said Spokesman Urban. "The government knows that we still have to work for that trust and we declare the policy of the extended hand."

In an effort to close the Solidarity era once and for all, the government announced two weeks ago that four key union advisers, including Dissidents Jacek Kuron and Adam Michnik, would go on trial July 13. If they are convicted, as expected, the four face up to ten years in prison. So far, there has been no word about the fate of seven jailed Solidarity leaders or the nearly 600 other political prisoners still in detention. Church leaders have actively pressed for their release and have called upon the Jaruzelski regime to help create a "new social and political climate that would eliminate the sources of tension and repression." How the government responds will signal whether the "hand" that was extended last week is really open—or clenched. —***By John Kohan. Reported by John Moody/Warsaw***

CENTRAL AMERICA

Some Grounds for Optimism

El Salvador's army gains, but the contras *face new problems*

To the Salvadoran army, the rugged northern department of Morazán has long been enemy territory. The leftist guerrillas of the Farabundo Marti National Liberation Front have held Perquin and other towns so firmly that the U.S.-trained government troops dared not come near. But last week 3,000 men of the Salvadoran Third Infantry Brigade entered a number of villages in Morazán. Somewhat to their surprise, they encountered only perfunctory resistance. The rebels quickly abandoned the towns, melting into the green hills near the Honduran frontier and leaving behind booby traps. Confident that the victory would hold, the brigade's commander, Lieut. Colonel Domingo Monterrosa, commended two freshly combat-tested battalions in a field outside Perquin.

Army battalions celebrate their victory after driving rebels out of Perquin

Says a U.S. official: "We've been on a real up cycle for the past three or four months."

Little more than three weeks after the installation of newly elected President José Napoleón Duarte, El Salvador is once again reverberating with the sounds of combat. But this time they are not the sounds of defeat. The Morazán operation, part of an 8,000-man nationwide counterinsurgency sweep that also covered the departments of San Miguel, Cabañas, Usulután and Chalatenango, was the first assault since a military shake-up sent two officers to posts overseas shortly before Duarte's inauguration. Another auspicious sign for Duarte came when a Salvadoran judge sentenced five former National Guardsmen to 30 years in prison for the 1980 murder of four American churchwomen. As a result, the U.S. Congress will release $19.4 million in military aid that it froze pending resolution of the case.

The successful Morazán operation pleased no one as much as the U.S. military advisers, who have long been urging the Salvadoran army to shed its "9-to-5" habits and aggressively pursue the guerrillas in their strongholds. The army also helped relocate hundreds of peasants who have been alienated by a guerrilla recruitment drive. In addition, the Salvadoran army says that since January some 400 demoralized rebels have turned themselves in to the army. Monterrosa's brigade now plans to establish a permanent presence, including a forward command post, in the reoccupied areas.

Duarte's promise to carry out reforms, together with the army's advances, has inspired a new sense of optimism within the Reagan Administration. "We've been on a real up cycle for the past three or four months," says a senior State Department official. "On the other hand, it ain't gonna stay that way." The Administration still expects the guerrillas to launch a new offensive in the fall, timed to embarrass Reagan just before the U.S. elections. "It is absolutely essential," says Colonel Joseph Stringham, the recently departed head of the U.S. military group in El Salvador, "that the Salvadoran armed forces keep their operation going so that the guerrillas can't stop and resupply or take a break."

The Administration is also pleased that Nicaragua's Sandinista government has shown a new willingness to talk to the U.S. Although it is not clear what steps will follow Secretary of State George Shultz's surprise meeting with Junta Coordinator Daniel Ortega Saavedra in Managua on June 1, the State Department sees Nicaragua's new openness as a sign that the Sandinistas have recognized that the U.S. means business.

Nonetheless, the Administration is having difficulty continuing its not-so-covert support for the *contra* forces fighting to overthrow the Sandinistas. Although the Senate voted, 63 to 31, last week to reject a proposal to limit U.S. military involvement in Central America, the House has repeatedly refused to act on the Administration's request for $21 million in CIA funds for the *contras*. Faced with the deadlock, Administration officials were involved in legislative horse trading that could result in dropping the *contra* aid in exchange for additional funding for the Salvadoran military.

The Sandinistas have tried to take advantage of the situation by engaging *contra* troops on both their northern and southern borders. But they were not prepared for the persistence of 1,500 men from the strongest *contra* group, the 10,000-strong Honduran-based Nicaraguan Democratic Front (F.D.N.), which last week managed to advance deep into Nicaragua, reaching the eastern edge of Lake Managua. The F.D.N.'s ability to fight will be severely curtailed if U.S. funds are stopped. According to the group's leaders, current stockpiles of weapons will allow them to continue the struggle only until mid-July. Then the *contras* will have to seek increased funding from Cuban groups in Miami, who have already made substantial contributions of food and medical aid.

The Sandinistas have been doing better against the guerrillas of the Revolutionary Democratic Alliance (ARDE), a separate *contra* unit that is operating in the southern part of the country. Last week the Nicaraguan army drove an estimated 1,000 ARDE troops back toward the San Juan River, on the Costa Rican border. ARDE has been hampered in part by a temporary cutoff of money by the CIA, which has unsuccessfully been pressuring ARDE into an alliance with the F.D.N. Some ARDE leaders favor merging, but the wing under the command of Edén Pastora Gómez has refused to do so on the grounds that the F.D.N. is run by onetime members of deposed Dictator Anastasio Somoza Debayle's hated National Guard. The cutoff of CIA funds, together with a bomb blast that injured Pastora four weeks ago, has left the group in disarray.

U.S. officials do not consider ARDE's problems terminal. They note that any guerrilla force's strength is its ability to withdraw and rebound, choosing its targets according to its capabilities. Says a senior State Department analyst: "Two months ago they were in roses; right now they're looking a little disheveled. All military forces go through cycles." The same rule, however, applies to El Salvador's leftist guerrillas. —***By Laura López. Reported by Jon Anderson/San Salvador and Barrett Seaman/Washington***

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KUWAIT

Arming a Quiet Bystander

Fear of war turns a desert nation toward the U.S.

During the broiling, dusty afternoons of Ramadan, the Muslim holy month of dawn-to-dusk fasting, sleep is the preferred activity for most citizens of Kuwait. Lately, that slumber has proved fitful for the oil-rich, stubbornly independent nation and its capital city of glinting office buildings and flashy houses striving for modernity. Increasingly, Kuwait has been drawn into the four-year-old war between neighboring Iraq and nearby Iran.

A British-made Chieftain tank on parade in 1981

A military as small and eclectic as the country itself.

In the past six weeks, three of Kuwait's oil tankers have been attacked in the Persian Gulf as Iran, angered by Iraq's attacks on tankers carrying its oil, has taken out its frustrations on Iraq's Arab allies. With the expansion of the conflict, Kuwait sees the good life it has carved out for itself endangered by a war it does not consider its own. Asserts Foreign Minister Sheik Sabah al-Ahmad al-Sabah, the state's Foreign Minister: "The war is on our doorstep, and we feel the dangers more than others."

Al-Sabah

After years of proud independence, the sudden realization of vulnerability has forced this country of 1.6 million people, about half of whom are foreigners, to turn reluctantly for help to the U.S. Kuwait publicly appealed to the U.S. for a shipment of shoulder-fired Stinger antiaircraft missiles (400 of which were recently supplied to the Saudis) to defend itself against potential Iranian air attacks on its refineries, power stations and desalination plants. Though the Reagan Administration denied the request because of anticipated congressional opposition, the U.S. is offering instead to increase Kuwait's supply of American-made Hawk missiles and augment its skimpy radar facilities. For the past two weeks, a 20-man team from the Pentagon has been in Kuwait discussing the country's security needs. "We assume Kuwait is No. 1 on the escalation scenario," says a senior U.S. diplomat. In other words, Kuwait would be the first victim.

The U.S. is also trying to push the Saudis and the Kuwaitis closer together. Traditionally wary of its more conservative neighbor, Kuwait is now sharing intelligence with the Saudi air force: a hotline from Saudi ground-control systems immediately transmits information from the patrolling American AWACS radar planes. Kuwait could also be shielded from unfriendly fire by what amounts to a Saudi umbrella. Kuwait has no oil pipeline, and the Saudi shield could be vital in ensuring the safety of tankers and thus protecting the country's oil revenues, which constitute about half of its gross domestic product. To calm the apprehensions of customers, the Kuwaitis have already offered to use their own tankers to carry their oil to commercial ships anchored outside the gulf.

Ever since Sir Percy Cox of Great Britain drafted Kuwait's boundaries in 1922, Kuwaiti foreign policy has been in a state of delicate balance. The country has resolutely avoided attachments to any of its more powerful neighbors, notably Saudi Arabia, Iraq and Iran, which is separated from Kuwait by a slender, 25-mile finger of Iraq. Notes one Western diplomat: "The only things the Kuwaitis have are diplomacy and money. They either try to talk themselves out of trouble or buy themselves out." During the past six months, the Kuwaitis have been doing a lot of both. Despite a historically uncomfortable relationship with Baghdad, the Kuwaitis, along with the Saudis, have been supporting the Iraqi war machine with billions of dollars since early in the war. Last December, after seven bombs exploded around the country, Kuwait blamed pro-Iranian terrorists and began more openly supporting the Iraqi cause. Kuwait was also concerned about its more than 250,000 Shi'ite Muslims, some of whom were sympathetic to Iran's Islamic revolution. Yet Iranian bullying compelled many Shi'ites to renounce Iran's politics, causing a change in Kuwait's orientation. "What the Shah failed to do," says one bitter opposition leader, "[Ayatullah Ruhollah] Khomeini is actually succeeding in doing. The Shah wanted to force us into an alliance with the Americans in the region. Now Khomeini is forcing us into that alliance by fear."

But the Kuwaitis face a major problem in defending their area of the gulf: the Kuwaiti military is as small and eclectic as the country itself. Its scant force of 12,500 untested men is unlikely to be of much help in defending Kuwait's borders if the Iraqi defense crumbles before Iran's long-promised land invasion. In order to bolster their collection of French Mirage jets, British tanks and American antiaircraft missiles, the Kuwaitis recently signed contracts worth hundreds of millions of dollars with the French and the British to upgrade their defenses. When the U.S. balked last week at sending the antiaircraft Stingers, one Kuwaiti official responded that "the arms market is open." By this, diplomats believe, he could have been referring to the Soviet Union. As the only gulf state to exchange ambassadors with the Soviets, Kuwait offers a potential conduit for Soviet influence in the region. Admits a U.S. official: "This is a good opportunity for the Soviets to strengthen their hand in the gulf."

Until now, the Kuwaitis have been more inclined to pour money into social programs than into defense. The government provides a generous national health plan and free, high-quality education; Kuwait is the jewel of the gulf in intellectual life and social progress. Its enterprising press is the only one in the gulf that is not government-controlled, and its democratically elected National Assembly has been known to pass legislation against the wishes of the ruling Al-Sabah family. But there are fears in the nation that a war crisis would split the country into religious and political factions, destroying its valued freedoms.

Every evening, during the rounds of *diwaniyas*, a sort of casual salon of talk and coffee sipping that begins in the late evening, the Kuwaitis ponder their uncertain future. Says one politician: "We fear that Kuwait's freedom will be the victim of these attacks on our tankers." But it is more than just Kuwaiti freedom that is at stake. It is Kuwait itself. —***By Richard Stengel. Reported by Barry Hillenbrand/Kuwait and Johanna McGeary/Washington***

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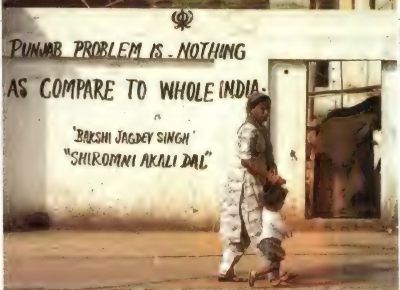
Prime Minister Indira Gandhi



A political slogan by the Sikh party, the Akali Dal, on a wall in New Delhi

INDIA

The Roots of Violence

Sikh deaths fit the sad pattern of a troubled land

"Let's face it," said the *Times of India*, "the ship that is India is in serious trouble. If we are lucky, it may drift into some reasonably safe port. If not, it can get wrecked on its way to nowhere. We need not go into history to discover that not all ships make it to port." That somber reflection on the present condition of a country that is still known as the world's largest democracy came as tension in troubled Punjab was beginning to ebb. Three weeks after Prime Minister Indira Gandhi sent the Indian army to Amritsar to flush Sikh terrorists out of the Golden Temple, she paid a visit to the Sikhs' holiest shrine. All foreigners and journalists were still banned from Punjab, but some curfew restrictions throughout the state were lifted. Most temples were open again for Sikh prayers, though the Golden Temple remained closed and under control of the army. Indian Airlines, the country's domestic carrier, resumed its flights to Amritsar, and buses were running again in most districts. But even as the Sikh heartland returned to a semblance of normality, government officials emphasized that the army would remain in Amritsar in strength for at least two months, and perhaps much longer.

As for the healing process, the deaths of the 600 people killed in the Amritsar clash will take years, perhaps generations, to erase. It is likely to become part of the permanent baggage of antagonism and distrust that afflict India's 746 million people of so many diverse races, religions, tribes, languages and circumstances. Fully 83% of India's population is Hindu; 11% is Muslim, 2.6% is Christian, and the remaining 3.4% is divided among Sikhs, Jains, Buddhists, Parsis and others. Over the past year there have been riots or incipient rebellions in places as scattered as Assam in the northeast, Kashmir and Punjab in the north, and Maharashtra in the west. Only a month ago rioting broke out between Hindus and Muslims in the shantytowns around Bombay, leaving 258 dead. The Assamese are upset about the influx of refugees from West Bengal and neighboring Bangladesh. Every tribe has its nationalists, every community its zealots. For every insurrection, there are a dozen more waiting to be born.

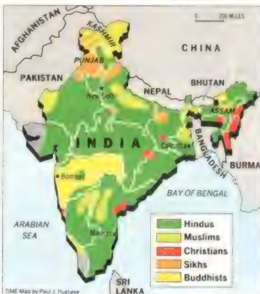
Mrs. Gandhi must answer her critics' charges that her military action against the Sikh rebellion was to some degree a political act. Like her 1975 declaration of a state of emergency and her detention of thousands of political opponents, her latest moves have had the effect of reinforcing her position as the head of India's strong central government. The conventional wisdom for the moment is that though she has alienated the Sikhs by the events of the past month, her action has strengthened her popularity among India's Hindu majority. It also has removed whatever doubt there may have been that she will win the election campaign that she must call by January 1985. It will be her fifth race for national leadership. She stoutly denies any suggestion of a political motive behind her latest actions. "Elections come and go," she said recently, "but the unity of the country is much more important." She has used this very criterion to put down unrest ever since she first came to power in 1966.

And yet, given the depth of division and tension in this huge, polyglot country, it is Indira Gandhi's primary accomplishment that, like her father Jawaharlal Nehru, she has managed to preserve the national unity. India remains one of the poorest countries on earth, with an average per capita income of $230 a year. The annual birth rate, after persistent and sometimes drastic efforts at family planning, is still 2%, adding 15 million a year to the population. Though the constitution calls for free and compulsory education for all children until 15, two-thirds of India's people are illiterate. Despite all this, India's democratic institutions have remained intact since independence from Britain was achieved in 1947. The army has never tried to seize power. Though she demonstrated in 1975 that she could reinforce her will against her enemies by legally invoking a state of emergency, Mrs. Gandhi subsequently showed, in March 1977, that she could pay the price of the emergency's excesses by losing the national elections. Almost three years later her opponents had demonstrated that they were as fractious and bereft of leadership as ever, and she returned to power with a renewed majority. One of the failings of Indian democracy is that it has never developed an effective opposition, in part because of the overshadowing influence of Nehru and later his daughter Indira.

Because Indian democracy has survived against such heavy odds, it is impossible to prove Mrs. Gandhi wrong in her emphasis on a strong central government. But there are many Indians, and foreign experts as well, who argue that such a system has increased the country's internal tensions. For instance, Columbia University Professor Ainslie Embree sees most of India's recent disturbances as a pattern of "attempts by the states to get more autonomy." In the face of these efforts, he adds, "Mrs. Gandhi is digging in her heels. She believes that any threat to the autonomy of the center is a threat to her personally."

Others criticize her penchant for choosing, as the chief ministers of many

states, weak underlings whom she can dominate. Says one of India's leading intellectuals: "She has deliberately watered down the role of the chief ministers. They are dummies in the lap of Mrs. Gandhi's ventriloquism." Thus, weak state governments have enabled corruption and political chicanery to flourish, thereby alienating minority groups and exacerbating grievances. The cost of gaining political office is also on the rise. In Maharashtra, a candidate for a state assembly seat must now spend at least $20,000 to get elected, even though the legal ceiling is $1,000. Says N.A. Palkhivala, a former Ambassador to the U.S.: "In modern India, Machiavelli would have remained unemployed because of his political naiveté." As for the rulers of the central government, declares Minoo Masani, a member of India's Constituent Assembly in 1947-48, "I am not very optimistic that the 'new class' in Delhi, to borrow the phrase of Milovan Djilas, is prepared to disgorge the power it has arrogated to itself."



Such criticism might suggest that Mrs. Gandhi will face a close race in the forthcoming elections, but few believe that. The economy is relatively healthy, the inflation rate only about 10%, and the country's fabled "monsoon politics" are once again running in the Prime Minister's favor. The Sikhs may grumble that their heartland has become "the Ulster of India," but the majority of the electorate appears to be on her side.

Mrs. Gandhi's problems with India's 15 million Sikhs have clearly been worsened by the attack on the Golden Temple. The fighting caused a coalescence of Sikh moderates and extremists, vastly complicating the task of future negotiations. It also caused fissures within the Indian army, in which the tall and warlike Sikhs have always played a disproportionately large role. According to an official spokesman last week, the interrogation of Sikh prisoners indicated that 17 retired Indian army officers above the rank of colonel had been involved in extremist activities. Of these, two officers had collected large sums of money from people throughout Punjab, even inside the temple, and used the funds to buy arms. One of the fund collectors was said to have escaped to Europe, while the whereabouts of the other was not known.

Mrs. Gandhi can probably no longer negotiate with most of the moderate leaders of the Akali Dal, the Sikh political party. A few, in fact, are now regarded as cowards by the enraged Sikh community. She will have to await the emergence of a suitable Sikh leader, possibly retired Lieut. General Jagjit Singh Aurora, a hero of the 1971 Bangladesh war. In the past the Sikhs have sought the exclusive use of Chandigarh, the Le Corbusier–designed city that since the creation of the predominantly Hindu state of Haryana out of the heavily Sikh Punjab in 1966 has served as the capital of both states. Mrs. Gandhi is prepared to let the Sikhs have Chandigarh to themselves and build a new capital for Haryana, but has asked that, in return, Punjab should allow two of its largely Hindu districts to be transferred to Haryana. So far the Sikhs have refused.

In the aftermath of the storming of the Golden Temple, Mrs. Gandhi described her decision as a "painful" one. But then, as she has done during previous crises, she tried to shift the blame to external sources, charging that Pakistan and perhaps the U.S. Central Intelligence Agency had played a part in inspiring the Sikh separatist movement. Pakistan's President Mohammed Zia ul-Haq angrily denied those charges. "There is no truth to the allegations," Zia told TIME. "To the contrary, Pakistan has gone out of its way to normalize its relations with India." He added that the Indians were only looking for "scapegoats." Indeed, the Indians offered no proof to support the charges except for two bodies purported to be those of Pakistanis and a few assault rifles bearing Chinese letters. In the classic "checkerboard diplomacy" of the region, India is the enemy of Pakistan, which is the friend of China, which, at least until recently, was the enemy of India.

In recent days Mrs. Gandhi has explained her strategy before she decided to send the army into the temple. She had wanted to give "the maximum time" to the Sikhs to settle the matter, she said. "We had clear information about the accumulation of arms, and about giving shelter to criminals and murderers." She told an interviewer, "We do not believe in war, but we have been attacked, we have had to defend ourselves." Then, as if clinching the argument, she added, "Mahatma Gandhi, in his time, accepted that necessity." —*By William E. Smith. Reported by Dean Brelis and K.K. Sharma/New Delhi*

Clockwise from top left, peasants carry a victim of the 1983 Assam massacre; Hindus burn a bus in Chandigarh in April; Golden Temple under siege.

SHAWAN SINGH—MAGNUM

BALDEV—SYGMA

BRITAIN

Round 2 at the Pits

On one side stood 3,300 police, armed with truncheons and riot shields. On the other was a crowd of about 6,500 striking coal miners and their supporters, attempting to blockade the Orgreave coking works near Sheffield. Among the demonstrators was Arthur Scargill, the combative president of the National Union of Mineworkers, nursing a head injury. "All I know," said Scargill, "is that these bastards rushed in and this guy hit the back of my head with a riot shield." Not so, countered South Yorkshire Assistant Chief Constable Tony Clement, who said that Scargill had fallen down a grassy slope and "hit his head" on a wooden beam.

During five hours of clashes, the second round in three weeks of industrial conflict at Orgreave, angry pickets showered the police with stones, bricks and bottles; in retaliation, the police charged them on horseback and on foot. By the end of the day, nearly 100 miners had been arrested, and 51 miners and 28 police were reported injured. Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher was unfazed by the events. Declared she: "The law must and will continue to be upheld."

Injured strike leader gets a helping hand

SOVIET UNION

See and Hear No Evil

The 266 American church leaders said they had come to the Soviet Union "with an open mind, without prejudice or preconception." But as their two-week tour, sponsored by the National Council of Churches, drew to a close last week, it seemed that many of them had also come without much discernment. While joining their Soviet hosts in condemning the U.S. role in the arms race, delegation members were less forthcoming about the Soviet Union's human rights record.

The delegation visited selected Russian Orthodox, Roman Catholic, Lutheran, Baptist and Pentecostal congregations in 14 cities across the country, and then expressed surprise that there was such freedom of worship.

It took two Soviet Baptists to remind the churchmen that all was not as it seemed. During a prayer service, the two unfurled a banner reading REMEMBER, WE ARE A PERSECUTED CHURCH. They were promptly hustled away. A delegation leader later dismissed the prayer-service protest as an attempt to "grab media attention," but his view was not shared by all the Americans. Said one: "The message we got right from the start was not to do anything that might insult our Soviet hosts."

CUBA

No Longer a Hero

The Cuban troops and civilians who were on Grenada during the U.S.-led invasion last October were expected to follow faithfully the words of their national anthem: "To die for your country is to live." Twenty-four Cuban civilians died defending an airfield they were building at Point Salines. But the commanding officer of Cuban troops on the island, Lieut. Colonel Pedro Tortoló, and 42 of his men managed to escape to the safety of the Soviet embassy.

The next month, Tortoló and his men returned to a hero's welcome in Cuba. Tortoló was embraced by Cuban Leader Fidel Castro, who proclaimed that his officer had acted courageously. Many Cubans, however, began to ask how Tortoló and his men managed to make it to the Soviet embassy. It was not long before the story came out: Tortoló and his fellow heroes, instead of fighting to the last with the civilians, had taken a cross-country route not controlled by the invading forces.

Castro and Tortoló

For a country that prides itself on military prowess, the episode has become a national embarrassment. Tortoló was court-martialed for cowardice and demoted along with some of the 42 men who had also taken the easy way out.

SUDAN

A Tooth for a Tooth

One court sentenced an Italian monk found in possession of alcohol to 25 lashes, 30 days in prison and a fine. Another decreed that a convicted thief should be hanged, his body publicly displayed for 30 minutes, then crucified. A third punished two men found guilty of shattering a victim's tooth by removing a tooth from each of the attackers. Such are the rulings that have characterized the first seven weeks since emergency courts were set up to enforce the Islamic law of Sudanese President Gaafar Nimeiri. In September the President may make his system even more implacable, Western diplomats suspect, by declaring Sudan a full-fledged Islamic state.

That prospect has led a wide range of political and religious groups to band together in opposition to the government. In an effort to reassure Sudan's principal backers, Egypt and the U.S., that it is not seeking a leftist revolution, the opposition is proposing to set up a secular democracy that would be overseen by a triumvirate during its first five transitional years. "It is no longer a struggle between the Christian and pagan south [of Sudan] and the Muslim north," observes one of the President's opponents. "It is now a struggle between all political groups and Nimeiri."

Nimeiri

SEQUELS

An Anonymous 007 Theory

Almost ten months after a Soviet fighter shot down Korean Air Lines Flight 007, killing all 269 aboard, the precise circumstances of the tragedy remain a mystery. Last week an anonymous author in the British magazine *Defence Attaché* accused the U.S. of accidentally provoking the attack by using the airliner to gather intelligence about Soviet air defenses. The plane, the author said, deliberately overflew Soviet territory in order to test Soviet reflexes as the space shuttle *Challenger* and a U.S. Ferret-D electronic data-gathering satellite watched from above.

The Soviet accusation last September was very similar; the only new element is the claim that the space shuttle was involved. But NASA officials stress that *Challenger* was never close enough to the Korean airliner to monitor radio or radar activity. Moreover, said Defense Secretary Caspar Weinberger, "had we wanted to test Soviet radar, there are a lot better ways to do it than with a 747 jumbo jet full of civilians." Moscow certainly remains eager to promote its version of events. It has taken the unusual step of allowing a well-known U.S. investigative journalist, Seymour Hersh, to interview Soviet Chief of Staff Nikolai Ogarkov about the shooting and to visit a Soviet airbase.

Economy & Business

The Gathering Storm

Debtor countries meet to set strategy for their confrontation with bankers

"We hear the far-off thunder of violent drums. We feel the winds of storms," warned Colombian President Belisario Betancur last week in a chilling speech to government ministers of his Latin American neighbors. His rousing rhetoric referred not to war or natural disaster but to something equally momentous: Latin America's $350 billion debt burden. Since the beginning of the year, the pressure on both the borrowers and the American banks that lent them much of the money has grown sharply. A 2% jump in interest rates has hit Latin countries with a potential increase of $5 billion in annual interest payments. Meanwhile, big-city banks in the U.S. have taken a beating on Wall Street as investors grow more worried about whether the Latin debts will ever be repaid. Says Rimmer de Vries, chief international economist for Morgan Guaranty Trust: "The world has become much more accident prone. I believe a reasonable solution can still be found, but the stock market is not giving the banks much time."

One of the major concerns among some bankers is that the Latin countries will form a debtors' cartel. Says Robert Hormats, a former Assistant Secretary of State: "We are entering a very dangerous period, so the point will be to keep the dialogue going." The danger is that the borrowers would walk away from their loans or attempt to bargain collectively for much easier terms, resulting in an international banking crisis.

When ministers from eleven debtor countries met last week in Cartagena, Colombia, to devise a strategy for getting concessions from the banks, most of them maintained a conciliatory tone and rejected the idea of a cartel. Said Chilean Economy Minister Modesto Collados: "Each country is different. To negotiate in a club makes no sense at all." But the depth of Latin restiveness could hardly be concealed. In his opening speech, President Betancur compared Latin America's financial burden to the crushing debt and reparations problems after World War I, which helped wreck the international economy in the 1930s and laid the foundation for World War II. Said he: "It is no exaggeration to say that the solution to Latin America's debt crisis is an essential ingredient for world peace."

Source: Morgan Guaranty Trust
TIME Chart by Joe Lertola

After two days of talks, the ministers decided to set up two new groups. One will try to arrange talks with private banks and institutions like the International Monetary Fund *(see following story)*. The debtors will tell them that the conditions set by the IMF for new loans should be aimed at fostering continued economic growth rather than austerity. The Latin Americans also agreed to propose a working group in the World Bank to deal with the global aspects of the debt crisis. The ministers plan to meet again just before next fall's IMF meeting. The next session will be held in Buenos Aires, which will put hard-lining Argentina in a diplomatically stronger position. The group last week also produced 24 proposals for easing the cost of their debt, ranging from longer periods of repayment to reduced interest rates. One plan, suggested by Mexican Finance Secretary Jesús Silva Herzog, calls for Latin borrowers to pay a level of interest tied to the rates on bank certificates of deposit, currently about 11½%. This would give debtors a break of about 2½%, worth some $7 billion annually, while still allowing the banks to make a slight profit on the loans. Though bankers as a group will find these proposals hard to accept, at least one leading financier buys the idea. Even before last week's meeting, Terence Canavan, head of Chemical Bank's Latin American operations, said that "the time has come for lower rates to countries that have demonstrated the willingness to get their houses in order."

Despite last week's meeting, the Latin American countries do not form a united and cohesive bloc. While the two heaviest debtors, Brazil ($93.1 billion) and Mexico ($89.8 billion), have taken drastic measures to rein in their runaway economies, Argentina ($45.3 billion) is still a maverick. Two weeks ago, Argentine President Raúl Alfonsín rejected an IMF austerity demand for cuts in wages and government spending, which was designed to curb his country's 568% inflation rate. Al-

fonsin sent the IMF a plan that promised workers 6% to 8% wage increases on top of the inflation rate.

Argentina's complaints about the tough IMF measures failed to earn the country much sympathy last week from Latin neighbors. The nation drew criticism from Colombian Finance Minister Edgar Gutiérrez Castro, whose government lent Argentina $50 million last March. Bankers and international officials attack Argentina's stance as an act of political bravura. Says a World Bank economist: "They are handling the debt the way they were handling the Falklands war. They see themselves as the center of the universe."

The worsening debt squeeze is already sending shock waves directly to the profit statements of U.S. banks. Though Argentina last week paid $100 million in interest as a good-will gesture, the country has yet to pay $350 million that this week will be three months overdue. The amount may go unpaid because Argentina's rejection of the IMF economic plan may prevent the country from getting new loans. After this week, banks will be required to subtract the missing funds from second-quarter profits. Last week the U.S. Comptroller of the Currency and the Federal Reserve Board, concerned that overly optimistic accounting is shaking public confidence in banks, reminded financial institutions that they must post as losses any long-overdue interest payments. Manufacturers Hanover Trust, the largest Argentine lender, said that if the Latin country fails to make its June 30 payment, the bank's second-quarter profits would drop by about 37%, or $35 million. Continued defaults by Latin debtors would force many banks to cut shareholder dividends, a move that would send bank stock prices sliding still further. In the past year, shares of major New York banks have fallen nearly 25% in value.

The quickest-acting tonic for the debtor countries would be a drop in U.S. interest rates, since 85% of Latin loans are written in dollars. Last week, though, came a sign that U.S. interest levels are unlikely to fall soon. The Commerce Department estimated that in the second quarter the U.S. economy will grow at an annual rate of 5.7%, making the current recovery the strongest since 1954. That pace is likely to encourage the Federal Reserve to keep a strong hand on interest rates in order to prevent inflation from flaring up again.

A robust U.S. economy is not all bad news for the Latin American debtors; it creates a hungry market for their exports. The debtors need to boost their export income sharply if they hope to have any cash for paying loans. Argentina, for instance, faces $5.5 billion in interest payments due this year, but it will have a trade surplus of only $3.2 billion. Latin leaders complain that protectionism in the U.S. and Europe hampers their export sales. Brazil last month cut steel exports to the U.S. by more than half, from 900,000 tons to 430,000, because of Commerce Department import duties.

CRITON—SYGMA

TAYLOR—SYGMA

CAMARA TRES/VIEIRA DE QUEIROZ

GRAND DELUSIONS

The borrowing countries often expended the money from their loans on wasteful or overly ambitious ventures. Brazil and Paraguay spent $18 billion to construct the Itaipu dam, the largest hydroelectric power project in the world, but it has so far produced virtually no power. Mexico's national oil company, Pemex, built huge petrochemical plants like the La Cangrejera complex, upper left, but many of them have bloated payrolls. The Falklands war, above, cost Argentina billions of dollars.

The Latin countries stressed last week that in the short term they still need urgent relief from their loan payments. Said an Argentine official: "There is simply no way we can pay the full bill. The banks and other lenders will have to share it with us." While U.S. bankers say they are willing to make concessions, they have failed to cooperate on any specific long-range plan that would forgive some of the loans or allow the debtors a grace period for paying them. Said Lawrence Brainard, chief international economist for Bankers Trust: "The only thing on which the banks can agree is that they want their interest." Concurred one U.S. banker: "We have played into the debtor countries' hands by our own indecision and cowardice to face the facts."

Colombia's Betancur speaking last week at the conference in Cartagena

Despite a conciliatory tone, the restiveness could not be concealed.

With meetings like last week's in Cartagena, the debtor countries are attempting to elevate the crisis beyond just a financial dispute with banks. They see the debt shock as a political issue in which the governments of the developed countries should be helping out those of the Third World. As a sign of their intention to raise the level of debate, delegations last week included foreign ministers in addition to finance ministers. Latin leaders point out that largely because of interest payments, their financial resources are being drained away to countries like the U.S. at the rate of about $30 billion a year. This has become a kind of reverse foreign aid with the poor giving to the rich. The situation has brought criticism even from some American institutional investors, who think the banks are pumping a dry well. Says Barton Biggs, chief portfolio strategist at Morgan Stanley: "There is simply no way Citibank can continue to increase its earnings by 15% a year on the backs of millions of sullen Latin American peons."

Economists and other experts have put forth dozens of programs for easing the debt shock. Some call for banks to forgive large portions of the loans and write them off as a loss. Another plan would have the IMF buy the loans from the banks. Anthony Solomon, president of the Federal Reserve Bank of New York, has suggested that an interest-rate limit should be placed on loans to the troubled borrowers. In one such plan, interest payments above a certain level would be converted into principal to be paid later.

The basic problem, however, is that no one wants to suffer the pain that will be involved in any solution to the debt crisis. Banks are not eager to write off the bad loans and take the earnings loss, while governments in the developed countries are reluctant to halt economic growth just to please foreign moneymen. Thus, no sudden solution is likely to emerge. Says one IMF official: "It is a negotiating process that will run through most of the 1980s." Mexican Finance Secretary Silva Herzog last week recalled Economist John Maynard Keynes' dictum: "Men will do the rational thing, but only after exploring all other alternatives." Silva Herzog then glumly added that Latin American debtors and U.S. bankers probably have a lot of exploring ahead of them. —***By Stephen Koepp. Reported by Gisela Bolte/Washington and Frederick Ungeheuer/Cartagena***

Where Did the Money Go?

Few subjects infuriate Argentine President Raúl Alfonsín more than what happened to the billions of dollars his country borrowed in the late '70s. Says he: "The foreign debt's most irritating feature for the Argentines is that the money was not converted into the expansion of the economy and the creation of capital. Quite the contrary." That caustic observation could apply to nearly every Latin American country. Although their debt load has quadrupled since 1973 to $350 billion, the borrowers have tragically little to show for it.

The most productive loans were for development projects like dams, factories and roads, which can help build the basis for future prosperity. Brazil, for example, borrowed $7.5 billion to make its steel industry into a world-class competitor. But many other projects turned into financial sinkholes, in part because of bad planning and incompetent management. Brazil and Paraguay are cooperating in the construction of Itaipu, the world's largest hydroelectric project, which has a dam almost five miles long. To date, nine years after it was begun, Itaipu has cost $18 billion and has generated not a single kilowatt of electricity for Brazil and only a small amount for Paraguay. Says João Camilo Penna, the Minister of Industry and Commerce: "We have $50 billion worth of incomplete projects with zero degree of usefulness."

Much of the money from foreign loans has gone to prop up the value of national currencies, which makes foreign goods cheaper and encourages consumers to go on import- spending sprees. Even though Chile's unemployment rate in 1981 was 35%, the country was a major importer of radios, TV sets, refrigerators and cars. The surge in foreign auto sales has made Santiago one of the world's most polluted capitals. Argentina went on a similar binge starting in the late 1970s, a period known as *La Plata Dulce*—the sweet money.

The same currency-rate imbalances that made it advantageous to stock up on foreign consumer goods spurred wealthy Latins to buy property abroad and deposit their money in U.S. and foreign banks. Even as loans poured into those countries, the rich were investing their money overseas. Says Richard Mattione, a research associate at the Brookings Institution: "Individuals and firms did the very sensible thing: they moved money out of the country. It was a mistake of government policy to have such an extremely overvalued exchange rate." The exact amount of this flight capital is unknown, but experts believe that since 1979 as much as $70 billion has left Latin America. That is well over one-third of the debt accumulated during that period.

The greatest amount of flight capital, $28 billion, came out of Mexico. Middle-class Mexicans developed a taste for condominiums in Vail and Aspen, and real estate investments from San Diego to Europe. Venezuela suffered $23 billion in foreign outflows, followed by Argentina with $12 billion.

Venezuela had a hungry bureaucracy that swallowed up huge amounts of cash. Of its $27 billion public debt, more than half was run up by 47 state agencies. One of the worst offenders was the Venezuelan Development Corporation, which borrowed $2.3 billion. Much of the money is now tied up in businesses that have gone bankrupt, including hotels, gold mines, textile mills and cement companies.

Is the money lost for good? In the case of funds that went into foreign bank accounts, there is hope that some will return home if currency rates are corrected and investment opportunities improve. But the money that was wasted or stolen is undoubtedly gone forever. —***By Alexander L. Taylor III. Reported by Gavin Scott/Buenos Aires, with other bureaus***

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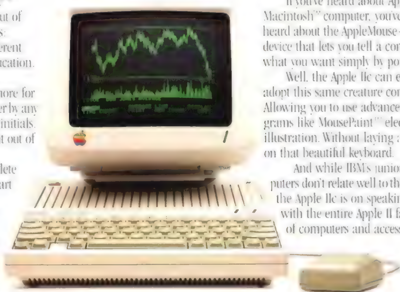

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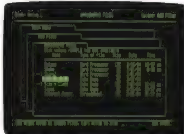

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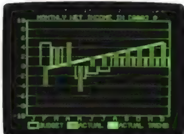

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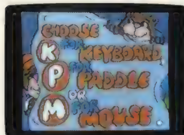

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Access II Communications Software

Not to mention specialized software for doctors, lawyers, contractors, farmers, brokers, screenwriters and just about every other profession that's legal.

And, of course, since the Apple II is the most popular computer in all levels of education from grade school to graduate school, the Apple IIc can run more educational software than any other computer in the world, save one—the Apple IIe.

Which makes the IIc the only computer that's as good for your kids as it is for you. And vice versa.

In fact, an Apple IIc can do everything you'd ever need a computer to do, sitting happily on your desk at work or at home.

But if someday you need it to do something in some faraway hotel room, you'll remember what a superb traveling companion it can be.

It can use almost any TV for a monitor—even a hotel TV.

Or you can add an Apple IIc Flat Panel Display†—the very first LCD display that shows you as much information as a regular monitor—80 characters wide by 24 lines deep.

And when your work day is done and you're all alone far from home, it can do one more thing no other portable computer can do.

Play Zaxxon.™

†Available Fall 1984.

It gets bigger wh

As we trust we've made amply clear, the Apple IIc comes with everything you need to start computing in one box.

But once you've started, you've got a lot of ways to grow.

Because the Apple IIc comes with powerful family connections. So you can plug in things like Apple modems, printers and an extra disk drive.

With most computers, you add accessories by adding "interface cards" to the inside of the machine. They can cost up to $150 per card. Even more if you make some egregious error installing the card.

With the Apple IIc, all those expensive interfaces are already built in. So you never have to risk messing around inside the computer—it's a sealed system. And the symbols on the back of the machine tell you exactly what goes where.

Which makes growing your system about as difficult as plugging in a toaster.

And which makes outgrowing it virtually impossible.

Displays of graphic power.

The IIc comes with an RF modulator that turns any garden variety TV into a computer monitor. But you'll get a better picture with one of these:

The Apple IIc 9" Monitor—high resolution green phosphor display that's a perfect match for the IIc aesthetically as well as technically.

The Apple IIc Flat Panel Display—the first LCD display that shows you as much as most regular monitors: 80 characters by 24 lines.

Miracles of reproduction.

The IIc can drive virtually any serial printer on the market—including letter

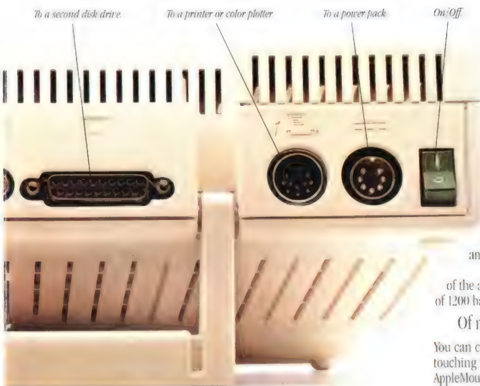
Apple IIc 9" Tilt Screen Monitor

RF Modulator

Flat Panel Display

Scribe Printer
Imagewriter

en you plug it in.



the lowest air fares, follow the stock market, even buy software and have it sent directly to your IIc — all over the phone. And to do all that, all you need is one of these:

Apple Modem 300 — a low cost phone link for your IIc with advanced features like auto dial, auto answer and self-test.

Apple Modem 1200 — all of the above plus high speed mode of 1200 baud.

Of mice and joysticks.

You can control your IIc without even touching the keyboard. With the AppleMouse and MousePaint software, you can create impressive electronic illustrations in color.

The AppleMouse — Replaces complex keyboard commands with point-click-cut-paste simplicity. Comes with free MousePaint program.

The Apple IIc Joystick — a game controller that's also used for many educational programs and music composition.

quality for serious business. But we offer two IIc printers and a color plotter that offer you a lot more graphic flexibility:

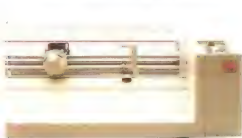
Scribe — Apple's first ultra low cost quality color/b&w printer. Works with any kind of paper, from bond to plain brown wrappers.

Imagewriter — Apple's high quality printer reproduces most anything you can put on the IIc's screen.

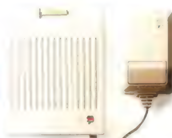
Color Plotter — Apple's incredibly compact wide bed plotter generates all kinds of graphics and illustrations in 8 brilliant colors.

Reach out and beep someone.

Your Apple IIc can give you a direct line to the world. Bank at home, find



Apple Color Plotter



External Disk Drive

AppleMouse

Apple Modem 300/1200

IIe or IIc. That is the question.

We've spent the last seven pages giving you lots of good reasons to take home an Apple IIc.

But we don't want you to forget that our newest brainchild isn't an orphan.

Its father, the Apple IIe, happens to be the granddaddy of the entire personal computer industry.

Unlike we humans, it gets more flexible, more powerful and more innovative every year.

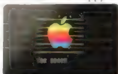
It can run more software than any other personal computer in the world.

There are also more accessories and peripherals for the Apple IIe than for any other personal computer in the world.

You can expand its memory to an elephantine 512K.

You can add a ProFile™ hard disk that can store up to 2400 pages. Room for all the files of a small business. Or an unabridged history of Armenia.

In fact, you can expand the Apple IIe to do just about anything you can imagine.



Run a lab-full of test equipment. Control a basement-full of mainframes. Load the Space Shuttle. Give industrial robots their marching orders. Converse with dolphins. Even run IBM software.

So the only question is which II you need more:

An incredibly expandable Apple II. The IIe.

Or an incredibly compact Apple II. The IIc.

Your authorized Apple dealer will be happy to help you decide.

S/he can also help you take home your choice for as little as 10% of the purchase price. All you have to do is qualify for an Apple Credit Card.

If you haven't committed any heinous crimes lately or otherwise proved yourself a total flake, you can get one.

In about the time it'll take you to make up your mind.

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Third World Lightning Rod

Never has the IMF been more vital—or more vilified

President Belisario Betancur's welcome to the delegates at the Cartagena conference last week may have been a bit apocalyptic, but the substance struck a responsive chord in his audience. In declaring that Latin America's debt crisis is also the world's crisis, he pointed at the rich countries as the main villains of the drama. Added Betancur: "One of these villains, of course, is the International Monetary Fund." It is doubtful that anyone in the room disagreed with him.

As developing nations have gone deeper into debt in recent years, the IMF has become a major target of their hostility. They covet its money, but fear the consequences of borrowing it. Argentina, for example, desperately needs $2.1 billion in IMF credits. But in return for the money, the fund insists on a range of tightfisted economic policies that could shatter the country's brittle new democracy. Two weeks ago, Argentine President Raúl Alfonsín bypassed fund negotiators and appealed directly to IMF Managing Director Jacques de Larosière for more lenient terms. Yet neither Alfonsín nor any other leader can simply defy the fund. Its seal of approval is the key to vital commercial credit. "The power of the IMF is absolute," says Paul Singer, an economist at the University of São Paulo. "No foreign country can get a single cent now without an extended agreement with it."

The IMF was created in 1944 to keep order in the international monetary system. Its guiding genius, British Economist John Maynard Keynes, wanted it to be a true lender of last resort, a global central bank capable of creating its own money. His ideas were deemed too visionary, and the fund's role was limited to helping member states—45 at the beginning, 146 today—ride out balance of payments difficulties. A country in deficit could apply to the IMF for low-interest loans. In return, the IMF required the debtor government to put its economic house in order. When the deficits were "structural," reflecting permanent changes in a country's terms of trade, such adjustments could be painful: currency devaluation, tax increases, reduced government spending, tight controls on monetary growth. But if the immediate impact was harsh, the long-term goals were healthy, sustainable growth and high employment.

However noble the intention, the formula made friction almost inevitable. The burden of austerity fell heavily on those most in need of help and least able to pay the price. The history of the IMF is peppered with instances of resistance and outright hostility by would-be borrowers. Over the past decade, the problem has grown to alarming proportions. Burdened by huge oil bills, worldwide recession, slumping commodities prices and punishing interest rates, developing countries have been hurt as never before. The big debtors among them need new credits just to meet their interest payments, and most are threatened with varying degrees of political instability. The IMF has never been more needed—or more vilified.

DANIEL AUGUSTO JR.

Demonstration in Rio de Janeiro. Banner in foreground reads "Out with the IMF"

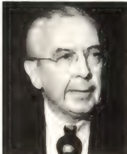
The burden falls on the countries most in need of help and least able to pay the price.

Even dispassionate critics question the economic wisdom of the IMF's policies. They charge that the fund's prescription is the same regardless of individual circumstance. For example, the IMF makes no distinction between deficits caused by a government's policies and those beyond its control. In addition, critics contend, the fund's emphasis on reducing inflation at the expense of employment is misplaced in developing countries. Finally, it is held, the IMF's insistence on suppressing consumer demand is inconsistent and self-defeating: carried to its logical conclusion on a global scale, it would stifle international trade. Says Brazilian Industry Minister João Camilo Penna: "If the IMF's prescription of austerity and slower economic growth to get a country back on its feet is applied to one or two countries, the medicine can work. But if it is given to an entire continent—or, worse, to every developing country in the world—then we all die from the cure."

Perhaps the most widespread objections to IMF practices are political. Critics charge that the fund does not distinguish between democrats and dictators, and that it disregards the consequences of its policies. Uganda, for example, is in the midst of a brutal civil war. By some estimates, more people have died and more atrocities have been committed in three years under President Milton Obote than in eight years under Idi Amin. Yet between 1981 and 1983, the IMF advanced $373 million to the government of Uganda, praising the "considerable progress" it had made toward rehabilitating a shattered economy.

Alfonsín resisted the fund because he feared that traditional belt tightening, though necessary in narrow economic terms, would lead to hunger, widespread poverty and dangerous political instability. He could cite some disturbing precedents. Jamaica's last two elections, in 1980 and 1983, were precipitated by IMF-imposed austerity. Haiti's long-suffering populace, the hemisphere's poorest, erupted in riots last month after years of hardship under fund programs.

A month earlier, 55 people died in similar riots in the Dominican Republic. Crushed by a $2.5 billion foreign debt and a 1983 trade deficit of $460 million, the government in Santo Domingo was negotiating the second stage of a three-year program of loans totaling about $400 million. Unwisely, it put into effect many of the fund's prescriptions without warning. Over Easter weekend, it shifted the exchange rate on all imports (except petroleum) from one peso per dollar to a free-market rate of 2.5 per dollar. When Dominicans woke up Monday morning, they discovered that many prices had more than doubled. They reacted in a collective rage, and the government had to call out the army to quell the disturbances.


Jacques de Larosière

To head off further violence, Dominican President Salvador Jorge Blanco subsequently suspended negotiations with the IMF. The need for credit, however, remains as great as ever. Last week Hugo Guiliani Cury, the Secretary of State for Finance, told TIME that the talks would be resumed. "We never said we would not make the adjustments that the IMF asked for," he explained. "The bone of contention was velocity. If we had gone ahead with more immediate austerity measures, it could have meant the end of our 20-year-old attempt at democracy."

IMF officials argue that countries often come to the fund only when there is no other recourse. As a result, they must make severe adjustments, mainly because external financing has already vanished and imbalances have reached crisis levels. Says a senior fund official: "There are large numbers of countries faced with very severe economic problems. They are not caused by the IMF or IMF programs. They are partly the result of past mistakes, partly the result of world recession, partly the result of high interest rates in the industrial countries. The IMF gets the blame. It's like blaming the doctor because the patient is sick."

Fund spokesmen insist that their unpopular conditions are necessary to restore economic health and replenish the IMF's revolving pool of resources. "The fund does not impose any measures," says an official in Washington. "Reality does. Ideally, a country forms its own policy and comes to consensus itself on what needs to be done, and then the fund supports that. Many of the success cases are those in which that has happened." There have indeed been successes over the years. Two notable case histories:

▸ In 1981, India faced a gaping, long-term payments deficit. The previous year its oil-import bill had jumped to $5 billion and foreign exchange reserves had fallen by $1.4 billion in seven months. Prime Minister Indira Gandhi, then newly returned to office, responded by negotiating the largest loan in the history of the IMF, $5.8 billion. Critics in New Delhi immediately charged that she had plunged the country into a "debt trap." Yet last November, Mrs. Gandhi announced that her government would not need the last $1.1 billion installment of the loan. What had happened? Increased domestic oil production and remittances from Indians working abroad helped reduce the deficits. But India had also gone to the IMF early, at a time when the fund's conditions were relatively easy to adopt.

▸ In January 1976, Italy teetered on an economic precipice. Its currency reserves could cover only two months of necessary imports. The lira was plummeting. External credit had dried up. Dramatically, official foreign exchange markets were shut down for five weeks. When they reopened, the government imposed tight restrictions on imports and credit and raised the discount rate 4 percentage points to stem runaway speculation against the lira—all in close cooperation with the IMF. A year later, the fund granted Italy a $530 million stand-by loan, thus opening the door to commercial credit markets. Within four years, Italy's reserve holdings were among the healthiest in Western Europe.

In Italy's case, the IMF probably served a useful political purpose in bolstering government policy against parliamentary opposition. More commonly, the fund is a political lightning rod, in part because it is so centrally involved in painful, eleventh-hour policymaking. "People lose sight of the fact that the alternative would be even worse," says a senior fund official. "I find it illuminating that some of the most vocal critics of the IMF are in countries whose economies continue to deteriorate because they refuse to follow IMF recommendations."

There is a growing consensus that the IMF is extended as far as possible under its present mandate. It has too often become the lender of last resort it was never meant to be. Indeed, the fund is but one element in the mounting global debt crisis. Many experts, for example, consider it "crazy" that commercial banks ever got into the business of deficit financing in the first place. Such a role, in this view, belongs to international institutions—but institutions equipped to deal with the problem. Current recommendations for reform range from expanded IMF resources, combined with more flexible conditions, to a new, massively funded body of the sort Keynes advocated four decades ago.

For the time being, the system will continue to muddle through. The political will for major reform has yet to materialize, and it is unlikely that any of the big debtor countries will force a showdown with the IMF. Why not? Brazilian Planning Minister Antônio Delfim Netto spelled out the reasons in a recent speech: "We would have to shut ourselves up in a closed economy and a poor one. Any foreign court would issue a sequestration order on our ships and cargoes. Our aircraft would fly away and never come back. Our goods would be seized and held until we paid off our whole debt." Talk is considerably cheaper. —*By John Nielsen. Reported by Gisela Bolte/Washington and Lawrence Malkin/Paris, with other bureaus*

Protect yourself against unexpected repair bills.

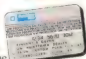
All you need to have along is GM's Protection Plan. It enhances your regular GM new vehicle warranty and goes well beyond it to protect you against repairs due to parts or assemblies that break down for just about any reason. This protection can extend for up to four years or 50,000 miles.

If something does go wrong with your new GM car or light truck, anywhere in the U.S. or Canada, simply take it to any GM dealer. Chances are good the problem will be covered under the GM Plan. In that case, all you'll pay will be a small deductible for the covered repairs.

What is covered under the GM Plan? Plenty! The GM Protection Plan covers ten major assemblies from the engine and transmission to the electrical and air conditioning systems. What's more, you get generous rental car, towing and road service allowances that help assure you'll never be stranded on the highway... or at the service department.

Chances are, you'll also qualify for a GM Protection card at no extra charge, along with the GM Plan. Use it to charge most any product or service available at participating GM dealers. You can even use it to charge the purchase of the GM Plan itself!* You also get a full year of free trip routing, rental car and lodging discounts–plus a generous trip interruption reimbursement to help cover lodging and meals in case your vehicle is disabled far from home–that's real "go power!"**

So why not play it safe? When you buy a new GM car or light-duty truck, insist on the genuine GM Protection Plan... the one with the trademark you see here. It's America's No. 1 selling new vehicle service contract, and the only one with the advantages of GM's new Protection card. Both are available only at your GM dealer's, so ask for details. We think you'll find it's smart protection to have along–even if you never need it.



*In California, service contracts purchased at the time of vehicle sale can only be financed on a vehicle installment sales contract.

**Transportation benefits and services provided through United States Auto Club Motoring Division, Inc.

The Winner and New Chairman Is...

After a four-year competition, Citicorp taps Reed for the top spot

In banking circles, the naming of a new chairman at Citicorp is like a coronation or a papal election. For years, speculation has mounted about the heir to Walter Wriston, 64, who retires in August as head of the largest (assets: $142 billion) private banking institution in the world. After a Citicorp board meeting last week, a bulletin was flashed to the company's 2,789 offices around the globe, and the suspense was over. The new chief: John S. Reed, 45, the brash and brainy young executive who led Citicorp's charge into nationwide consumer banking.

Reed's triumph was the climax of a highly unusual, highly publicized elimination tournament for the top spot. It began on Jan. 1, 1980, when Wriston and the Citicorp board elevated three officers to the new post of senior executive vice president. In addition to Reed, the head of the consumer division, the contenders were Thomas C. Theobald, 46, who oversaw lending to corporations and foreign governments, and Hans H. Angermueller, 59, the director of legal affairs and lobbying. Wriston never explicitly said that one of these men would be the next chairman, but to outsiders his move appeared tantamount to decking the three in armor and sending them into an arena filled with cheering throngs to fight it out.

Reed, who studied industrial management and engineering at M.I.T., was attuned to the potential of technology and seemed a natural to lead Citicorp in the new era of electronic banking. Theobald was the traditional button-down banker, a statesman who was equally comfortable talking finance with corporate chiefs or foreign heads of state. Angermueller was not really a banker at all. He was a Harvard-trained lawyer who was adept at breaking down the legal barricades that stood in the way of Citicorp's moves across state boundaries and into new businesses like stock brokerage.

From foreign central bankers to Citicorp mail clerks, everyone was willing to handicap the contest. At first, many Citicorp executives bet on the smooth-talking Angermueller, who was more popular than the sometimes abrasive Reed and the often arrogant Theobald. Then Theobald seemed to get ahead on the basis of Citicorp's profitable foreign lending operation, which was riding high until Latin American debt problems arose in 1982. Wriston refused to drop any hints about who was in the lead. In 1982 he promoted the three in tandem to the title of vice chairman. All earned precisely the same salaries: $703,153 in 1983.

The boyish-looking Reed, who was nicknamed "the Brat" early in his 19-year Citicorp career, seemed like a long shot to be chairman because the consumer division he had directed since 1974 was a big money loser. Prodded by Wriston, Reed had moved aggressively to open consumer-loan offices from coast to coast. He had acquired the Carte Blanche and Diners Club credit-card companies and signed up 2 million new customers across the U.S. for Visa cards.

The pell-mell expansion generated problems. Citicorp was so indiscriminate in recruiting Visa cardholders that a surprisingly large percentage turned out to be bad credit risks. Meanwhile, the bank was issuing consumer loans at fixed interest rates in many states because of usury limits. When rates skyrocketed in the late '70s and early '80s, Citicorp chalked up stiff losses on those loans. Reed's division also bore the enormous cost of Citicorp's pioneering drive to equip most of its 247 New York City branches with automated teller machines. Between 1977 and 1980, Citicorp's consumer business lost an estimated $200 million, which drained earnings from other activities, like corporate lending.

The victor in an unusual three-man contest

A whiz kid beat a statesman and a lawyer.

But eventually things got rolling for Reed. The investment in fast, efficient teller machines started to pay off. Moreover, interest rates fell, making consumer lending more profitable. Citicorp moved its credit-card operation to South Dakota, a state with no usury limits. Last year the consumer division earned $202 million.

That stunning turnaround propelled Reed into the chairman's seat. He had shown that he could survive adversity and ultimately thrive. In addition, it was Reed, more than his rivals, who seemed to share Wriston's restless creativity and determination to push Citicorp into new fields like insurance and information services. Says one of the bank's officers: "More often than not, Citicorp has selected an innovator to lead it, someone who is interested in more than just banking."

Reed grew up in Argentina and Brazil, where his father was an executive for Armour, the meat-packing firm. After earning a master's degree from M.I.T.'s Sloan School of Management in 1965, Reed joined Citicorp (then known as First National City Bank) as a planner in the overseas division. He quickly landed one promotion after another. In 1970, as head of the operations group, he won a reputation as a boy wonder by successfully streamlining the bank's clogged back office, which processes mountains of checks and other documents.

For a long time, Reed was seen as a technological wizard who could be abrupt and impersonal, but in the mid-'70s he learned to be more considerate. Says a current colleague: "In his earlier era, he did offend a lot of people. In the time I've known him, he's been very intense but very human." A tireless worker, Reed generally arrives at his Manhattan office at 8 a.m. after commuting for an hour from Greenwich, Conn., where he lives with his wife and four children. He is an excellent golfer with a seven handicap.

Citicorp hopes in 1984 to have a record $1 billion profit, but some perils stand in the way. An estimated one-third of Citicorp's earnings come from interest payments on loans to those four hard-pressed countries Brazil, Mexico, Venezuela and Argentina. A series of missed payments by these nations, or demands for major concessions on interest rates, could deal a severe blow to Citicorp's plans. On the U.S. front, Washington is so concerned about the troubles of the Continental Illinois Bank that Congress may slow the pace of banking deregulation and upset Citicorp's expansion strategy.

As he faces these challenges, Reed can use the talents of the two men he defeated for the chairmanship. Angermueller, only six years from retirement, may stay on, but insiders fear that Theobald will leave. Says one Citicorp executive: "He'll go take over somebody else's bank. I'm sure he won't work for Reed."

Theobald, though, accepted his disappointment with grace. The day the appointment was announced to employees, he was host at a cocktail party for Reed at the Club, a private dining room in the Citicorp Center on Lexington Avenue in Manhattan. Said a bank officer: "Theobald was the one who did it, not Wriston. Tom invited people over to have drinks for John, the winner. It was a class act." ***—By Charles P. Alexander. Reported by Barry Kalb/New York***

Business Notes

RAILROADS

All Aboard for Conrail

A railroad for sale? It may sound like a game of Monopoly, but the Department of Transportation last week was taking bids for the Consolidated Rail Corp. Created in 1976 from the Penn Central and five other bankrupt railroads, Conrail required a $7 billion federal transfusion through 1982. Under the stewardship of Chairman L. Stanley Crane, Conrail earned a profit in 1983 of $313 million. When DOT tried to peddle Conrail to 20 firms last spring, the only offer came from the company's employees, who already own 15% of the road. But last week 14 bidders stepped forward to offer to buy the giant carrier, which hauls freight over 14,200 miles of route in the U.S. and Canada.

Chairman L. Stanley Crane

The bids ranged from $7.6 billion from First Allied, a group of investors led by Malcolm I. Glazer, to $1 from Tippecanoe Warehousing, a storage and transportation firm that wants to use Conrail in a complex tax deal. Hotelier J.W. Marriott Jr. and Guilford Transportation Industries, owned by Timothy Mellon of the Pittsburgh Mellon family, also made proposals. Transportation Secretary Elizabeth Dole will select the winning bid, possibly later this summer, after discussions with Congress and Goldman, Sachs, DOT's financial adviser.

AUTOS

Fallout from a German Strike

Big spenders who plan to buy a West German luxury car this summer had better hurry to the showroom or they may be left clutching their cash. A six-week-long strike by West German metalworkers, who are pressing for a 35-hour week without a reduction in pay, has idled the country's auto industry. As a result, U.S. inventories of Mercedes-Benz and BMW models will probably run out some time in July. Once the strike is settled, it will take a month for new shipments of the cars to arrive.

The walkout could affect the availability of America's best-selling German auto, the Volkswagen. Though VW builds cars in the U.S., its American production is in jeopardy because key parts must come from Germany. The company's plant in New Stanton, Pa., has been gearing up for a planned November introduction of the Golf (expected price range: $7,500 to $11,500), a restyled and renamed version of the slow-selling Rabbit. But unless the German metalworkers go back to work within two weeks, the Golf may be delayed, and the 2,700 workers at the New Stanton factory could face extended layoffs.

CRIME

Case of the Missing Password

TRW Information Services in Orange, Calif., the largest credit-reporting agency in the U.S., keeps credit histories of some 90 million Americans. Access to its files is gained with a computer password, actually a number code. Last week TRW officials confirmed that an account password had been filched from one of its creditor subscribers, a West Coast Sears store. It was then posted on so-called electronic bulletin boards, which almost any computer enthusiast can hook into through phone lines.

The code was changed by TRW as soon as it learned of the security breach, and it was not known how much damage, if any, had been done by unauthorized use of credit information. The potential was immense. Using the password, plus other easily available information, a person could display anyone's credit history to obtain credit-card numbers. Those could be used to order merchandise by mail.

TRW has stepped up efforts to make its system more secure, but there are limits. Companies that grant credit want relatively easy access to the files to check out customers, and any move toward tighter security will make it more difficult and expensive to use the service.

RETAILING

Avon Puts Tiffany Up for Grabs

When Avon, the queen of door-to-door cosmetics, bought Tiffany, the Fifth Avenue squire, in 1979 for $104 million, Wall Street's wise old hands wondered how the marriage would work. It did not. Last week Avon asked Morgan Stanley, its investment banker, to find a buyer for Tiffany.

Avon put up an additional $53 million to modernize and expand the Tiffany operation, but the famous seller of tasteful baubles to the wealthy never lived up to expectations, says Analyst Diana Temple of Salomon Brothers. When Avon bought the company, its profits were $5.7 million on sales of $72 million. Sales have gone up sharply since then, but profits have had nowhere near the same gain. Last year Tiffany earned only $8.1 million on sales of $124.6 million, and it actually lost money during the first quarter of this year.

Avon wants at least $157 million for Tiffany, but Analyst Temple guesses the price will be closer to $100 million. So far, about 25 potential buyers are looking at the shiny merchandise.

A Fifth Avenue trinket

AIRLINES

A Successor to Laker Takes Off

Can British Rock Music Entrepreneur Richard Branson, 33, succeed where Freddie Laker failed? The answer began unfolding last week as Branson's new airline, Virgin Atlantic, made its maiden flight from Gatwick Airport near London to Newark Airport near New York City. It carried 465 passengers, most paying a cut-rate $138, about $230 less than current standard transatlantic fares. The price will rise to $167 on July 1. An ultra-plush first-class service is also available at $1,400, about the same that other carriers charge for first class.

Branson is new to the airline business. A school dropout at 15, he started by selling advertising from a phone booth for his own youth-market magazine, *Student*. Today his bustling $200 million empire includes pop and rock records, videos, discos, film production and retail music outlets.

Branson with a model of his Virgin aircraft

Branson maintains that Laker failed because he bought too many planes too soon and then was battered by the sinking value of the pound against the dollar. A big fleet is not Branson's problem. As of last week Virgin Atlantic consisted of one airplane, a Boeing 747-200.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

5 mg. "tar", 0.4 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report FEB. '84.

THE TASTE OF SUCCESS

VANTAGE

Great Taste with Ultra Low Tar.
That's Success!

COVER STORY

Erma in Bomburbia

For a survivor of housework and motherhood, laughter is still the best revenge

"I was too tired for a new family, I had been there. I'd fainted from blowing up swimming pools. I'd traveled through three states with a bag of wet diapers under the seat and two kids in the back arguing over a piece of gum with lint on it."

Notice: Car-pool moms entered in the U-Haul Mother-of-the-Year brake-off should complete the following literary quiz. Answers must be written in eyebrow pencil, and nuttiness counts.

1) For ten points, and a year's supply of mental floss, what American philosopher, whose latest book has been ensconced on the New York Times *best seller list for 40 weeks, described the stance of a pregnant woman as "like a kangaroo wearing Earth Shoes"?*

2) Who first defined the contribution of American mothers to the psychological well-being of their children as "guilt: the gift that keeps on giving"?

3) From whom did Tocqueville, while touring American suburbs, steal his famous one-liner that "the grass is always greener over the septic tank"? Hint: Henry David Thoreau is a good guess, but wrong.

4) What noted existentialist and television celebrity, when asked in supermarket parking lots whether she is the legendary Erma Bombeck, blushes prettily, lowers her gaze and says, "No, I'm Ann-Margret, but thank you anyway"?

"I'll be honest," says Bombeck (for it is indeed she, the syndicated star humorist of 900 papers in the U.S. and Canada, and the baggy-toreador-pants clown of ABC's *Good Morning America*), "when I started, I thought I was squirrelly. I thought it was just me. After the first columns, everyone on the block confessed it was them too." Those early columns, written in Centerville, Ohio, back in the early '60s, were not quite Corinthian, but they sure were Ermaic. Their message was that housework, if it is done right, can kill you. It was that the women who kept house in the happy hunting ground called suburbia were so lonely that they held meaningful conversations with their tropical fish. It was that "you become about as exciting as your food blender. The kids come in, look you in the eye, and ask you if anybody's home."

The message has not changed in substance, although many of the women she wrote about 20 years ago have gone on to divorces, master's degrees and careers, and Bombeck and her husband are now the wealthy proprietors not of an $18,000 tract house near Dayton but of a lavish hacienda on a hilltop near Phoenix. "Women around the world are coming to the point where they are looking at their domestic situations and saying, 'My God, I'm going crazy, it's climbing-the-wall time,' " says Bombeck. She is 57 now ("somewhere between estrogen and death," she mutters); her three children are grown and flown, and the elegant white walls of her fine house do not have crayon marks or grape jelly on them. But motherhood is a sentence without parole—have some guilt with your chicken soup; eat, eat!—and Bombeck and her fans have no trouble understanding each other. "I could move up to Alaska," she says, "where the nearest neighbor is 300 miles away, get there by dog sled, walk into the cabin, pour a cup of coffee and then hear her say, 'These kids are driving me crazy.' "

Dropping in is what Bombeck does. Three times a week in the newspapers, and twice more on television, she plays the nation's dingbatty neighbor, who comes in the back door without knocking and cheers everyone up by saying, "Never mind the mess here, honey, let me tell you about world-class squalidness." And then yarns away, maybe, about babies so wet that their diapers give off rainbows (a Phyllis Diller line she loves to steal). Or about her husband, the football watcher, who sits in front of the tube "like a dead sponge surrounded by bottle caps" until "the sound of his deep, labored breathing puts the cork on another confetti-filled evening." About her schoolboy son who flunked lunch. About her washing machine, which eats one sock in every pair; her kids ask where the lost ones go, and she tells them that they go to live with Jesus. About how, when one kid ate an unknown quantity of fruit on a supermarket expedition, she offered to weigh him and pay for everything over 53 lbs. About why it is all right to store useless leftovers in the refrigerator: "Garbage, if it's made right, takes a full week." About how young mothers want desperately to talk to someone who isn't teething, and the woeful results when they try to generate conversation with those lumps, their husbands, by asking, " 'What kind of a day did you have dear?' One husband reportedly answered by kicking the dog, another went pale and couldn't find words, another bit his necktie in half . . ."

This is classic Bombeck, the wild exaggeration compressed into the stinging one-liner that only slightly overstates the awfulness of the truth. You don't think husbands and kids are that bad? Listen, let me tell you about bad. "After 30 years of marriage, I felt like a truss in a drugstore window." You think that's overstated? Let me tell you what it's like to be a working mother, "racing around the kitchen in a pair of bedroom slippers, trying to quick-thaw a chop under each armpit . . ." Shared responsibilities? "Transporting children is my husband's 26th favorite thing; it comes somewhere between eating lunch in a tearoom and dropping a bowling ball on his foot." Listen, let me tell you . . .

Trench warfare of this kind is waged not against men and kids, but against loneliness and self-pity. The quick, hit-'em-again-with-another-joke style fits the desperate nature of the combat. The young mother who reads it may have a degree in psychology from Michigan State, but as she cleans up after the puppy while trying to separate two children who are fighting over a linty piece of bubble gum, she may not be in the mood for compound-complex sentences. She may smile over a column by Art Buchwald, the mas-

Photographs for TIME by Douglas Kirkland—Sygma

"The man behind the counter asked my birth date in a loud voice. They tell me I slammed him against the wall and shouted, 'Let us just say I'm somewhere between estrogen and death!' "

ter of the discovered absurdity, or one of Russell Baker's elegantly sane demonstrations that the world is crazy. But if she enlists in an army, it is likely to be Bombeck's. Am I really down on the kitchen floor with an old pair of Jockey shorts doing this? Yes, and there's Bombeck with pork chops under her arms. Such realizations (epiphanies, a James Joyce scholar would call them) explain Bombeck's syndication in those 900 papers, the wild success of her seven books, and reader loyalty that does not stop short of fanaticism. No doubt they also explain her eight-year run on *Good Morning America*, where her appearances are consistently cheerful but not so sharp or funny as her columns. Bombeck's fans want Bombeck, and they are prepared to excuse home movies.

Her self-caricature, the rhinoceroid slob in housecoat and curlers who hasn't seen her feet since grade school, is not even a fun-house mirror image of reality. She is a good-looking, brown-haired woman (though the hair color varies according to whim) who is, if not gaunt, at any rate acceptably trim at 5 ft. 2 in. and 127 lbs. Is it a surprise that her daughter Betsy, 30, and her sons Andrew, 28, and Matthew, 25, have lost their baby teeth? And that her husband is not a football-stupefied turnip but rather an articulate, quick-minded fellow? Bill Bombeck retired in 1978 after a successful career as a school administrator, and now manages their income of $500,000 to $1 million a year. He is more likely to be found jogging than watching the tube, and four years ago he ran the Boston Marathon in the creditable time of 3 hr. 29 min. Not all of the one-line zappers come from her side of the table: Bill will breeze into the house and announce with a big smile that he has just been to the library and that all of her books were in. She replies that he looked like a dead fish after his last road race and that he had better slow down. "You don't understand," she says. "I'm too old to shop around. You're it." The strong affection between the two is evident.

There is a hint of where the columns come from when Bombeck is persuaded to talk about herself. "My life story?" she says. "Fifteen minutes top. You're looking at shallow. I'm just not that deep. You're looking at a bundle of insecurity. I always think that everything good is going to evaporate and disappear overnight. I am the quietest person at the party. I position myself at the chip dip and don't leave all night. I still have a very ordinary, simple person trapped in this rich, gorgeous, successful body." The joke is practiced and sure, but she does not want her listener to miss her point, so she spells it out. "The whole thrust of my existence is that I'm ordinary." It seems important to her to believe this. Another joking statement of the theme: "Everyone thinks of ordinary as some kind of skin disease." Then she quotes the sort of thing she says when she gives a commencement speech: "Most of you are going to be ordinary. You are not going to the moon. You'll be lucky to find the keys to your car in the back parking lot. But some of you are going to be great things to yourselves. You are going to be the best friend someone ever had . . ."

The journey that did not lead Bombeck to the moon began in Dayton, and the date could be set accurately enough as June 4, 1936. She was nine, and that was the day her father, a crane operator named Cassius Fiste, died of a heart attack at 42. "One day you were a family," she recalls, "living in a little house at the bottom of a hill. The next day it was all gone." The furniture, including Erma's bed and dresser, was immediately repossessed, and her half sister went off to live with her natural mother. Erma and her mother, 25-year-old Erma Fiste, shared a bedroom in her grandmother's house, and each day Mother Erma would get up at 5 a.m., fix breakfast for her daughter, see that she was dressed for school, and then leave in time to work the 7 a.m. shift at the Leland Electric factory. An adult observer would have seen a spunky young widow doing her best in bad times, but not until years later did Erma think of her mother's tough-minded energy as wise or heroic. What she felt at the time was a daily desertion. When her mother married a moving-van operator, Albert ("Tom") Harris, two years later, Erma gave him the classic drop-dead greeting: "If you think you're going to take my father's place, you're crazy." His attitude, she says, was "This kid needs sitting on." Eventually Erma and Tom made their adjustment. The incredible self-centeredness of children, normal and natural but often savagely cruel, has been a consistent theme in her humor.

When her daughter showed signs of shyness and loneliness, Mother Erma signed her up for tap-dancing lessons as therapy, then took her to an audition for a *Kiddie Revue* at a local radio station. Erma stayed on the program for nearly eight years, tap dancing and singing. "She was quite a little hoofer," says her mother, who still has Erma's signed song sheets for *On the Good Ship Lollipop* and *I'm Gonna Sit Right Down and Write Myself a Letter*. Bombeck says it is obvious that the wrong Erma broke into show biz. When her mother, now a lively 73, began to appear with her on talk shows, Bombeck would tell the producers, "Don't worry about Mamma not talking. Worry about her taking over the show."

Which is exactly what she does. Mother Erma, who lives with her husband in nearby Sun City, admits that she "never had a sense of humor growing up. But as I get older, I get crazier. Me and Erma are both sort of silly together. The humor helped us to get closer. We began to see life as it is and not take it so seriously."

At Emerson Junior High in Dayton, Bombeck started writing a humor column for a school newspaper called *The Owl*. Says Bill Bombeck: "The format hasn't changed a lot. You're talking about someone who has been writing a personal column since she was twelve or 13 years old." Bombeck had been fairly offhanded about singing and dancing, but wising off in print was the best thing since soaping windows at Halloween. A couple of years later she was at it again, clowning about shoplifting, clearance sales and the lunch menu for the newsletter of Rike's department store, where she worked to pay college expenses. "You can't imagine how it fractured those people," she says now. "I knew exactly what I wanted to do. God, I wanted to write. That's all I wanted to do. I really loved the exaggeration. I still write about passing my varicose veins off as textured stockings."

Her pursuit of a college education took her through uncertain territory. Middle-class teen-agers of the time went on to college from high school the way they went to the drive-in for frozen custard and French fries. Everyone enrolled somewhere, and no one thought much about it. But Bombeck was working class, the first person in her family's history even to graduate from high school. College was not seen as a necessity for many young women, or even as especially desirable. "Your goals were supposed to be modest," she recalls. "If you were a girl, you either got a job and paid board, or you got married." She took typing and shorthand at a vocational school and worked as a copygirl at the Dayton *Herald* to meet expenses. (Bill Bombeck worked at the morning *Journal* as a copyboy.) Erma saved enough money to begin courses at Ohio University, in Athens, but after a semester she was broke again. She returned to Dayton, got the department-store job and enrolled at the University of Dayton, the Roman Catholic school where Bill was a student.

Living at home and paying her own way, Bombeck made it through college in four years, including three sessions of summer school. The experience was not rich in what is usually thought of as college life, but she got the degree, and she did it on her own. In a second profound act of independence, she converted at 22 from the United Brethren Church to Roman Catholicism. "I saw something in it I wanted to have," she says. "There is something very soothing about the whole thing. A love of God is easier for me to accept than the fear." She remains a believer, who says, quirkily, "I never laugh when I pray. That's God's turn." Like many Catholics, however, she is troubled by doctrinal issues affecting birth and reproduction. She agrees with the church prohibition of abortion but cannot accept strictures against birth control. "The group I ran with would have six, seven, eight kids and be drowning underneath. Let's face it, the earth cannot afford this Catholicism."

The Dayton *Herald* took on a gifted but erratic recruit after Bombeck graduated from the university. As a reporter, she recalls, "I was terrible at straight items. When I wrote obituaries, my mother said the only thing I ever got them to do was die in alphabetical order." Even with her shorthand, she says, "I could never get the knack of listening and taking notes at the same time." She would get excited and forget to write things down, and "everyone I interviewed ended up sounding like me. I did that with Mrs. Roosevelt and Mrs. Eisenhower." The idea of Eleanor Roosevelt sounding like Erma Bombeck clearly had its bizarre appeal, but before

The daily grind: Bombeck walking a "killer mile" near her home before work; on the phone in her office; brainstorming ideas for a Broadway play while in Los Angeles; giggling nervously as she guards the tennis net

"Those magazine dieting stories always have the testimonial of a woman who wore a dress that could slipcover New Jersey in one photo and thirty days later looked like a well dressed thermometer."

anything truly lunatic could come of it, Erma quit the paper for good in 1953. She and Bill, by then a struggling high school social studies and American history teacher, had been married four years, and, she says, "I was sick of working. Putting on pantyhose every morning is not just whoopee time. My dream was to putter around the house, learn how to snap beans, put up curtains and bake bread." The young couple adopted Betsy, and Erma, who had learned domesticity as a child, returned to the home, an event that was to prove only slightly less momentous than Douglas MacArthur's return to the Philippines.

As everyone who has made the mad leap into parenthood knows, it is not the first child but the second whose arrival skews life into a grotesque caricature of its former civility. When Bombeck was several months pregnant with Andrew, the family moved to a tract development a few miles from Dayton that she was to satirize as "Suburbian Gems." Its real name is Centerville. The Bombecks lived on Cushwa Drive ("probably named for some dentist") in a house like all the others except for one prized interior feature, a $1,500 "two-way" fireplace, and on the outside, a front door they painted red so that Mother Erma and Tom Harris could find them when they visited.

None of the residents of Centerville, least of all the Bombecks, thought they were doing anything hilarious as they mowed their lawns and carted their kids to Cub Scout meetings. Bill tinkered around the house, and pieced out his teacher's salary by painting houses and working at the post office on school vacations. Erma, he says, was always repainting or redecorating, moving the furniture around. There was, of course, a septic tank, and in the summer, says Erma, "you could see that little sucker sink into the ground and you'd think, 'There goes another $400.' " But there weren't many one-liners: "Who was there to listen?"

By an odd chance, the family in the house across the street was that of a young radio broadcaster, Phil Donahue, with five growing children. Donahue, an old friend now, whose morning TV appearances bring housework to a halt across the country, confirms that Bombeck was by no means the neighborhood clown. She and Bill, he says, were among the most hardworking of the development's house-proud do-it-yourselfers. All the houses had Early American furniture, including the inevitable rocker with a cushion tied to the back. The idea of Bombeck as a hopelessly disorganized housewife "is, at the very least, highly exaggerated. When you went to Erma's place, you never had to step over dirty underwear. At least in the evenings."

The pressure that was to fizz through the crazy columns was building, however. Listen to Bombeck, who wanted to give her kids the secure childhood she had missed: "I was overwhelmed. You get from your mother what things should be. I'm killing myself. We all did. Are you ready for this? I'm sitting there at midnight bending a coat hanger, putting nose tissue on it to make a Christmas wreath for the door. You know what it looks like? It looks like a coat hanger with tissue that is going to melt when it rains. It's a desperation you cannot imagine. I had a husband who worked at his job until 7 and 8 p.m. taking care of other people's children. That's when I remember reading Jean Kerr, who would sit out in her car and hide, reading the car-manual section on tire pressure. It's ridiculous. The whole thing is ridiculous." Then a deep breath: "It's the core of laughter. If you can't make it better, you can laugh at it."

Laughter: "If Mary had lived on our block, we would have said, 'Of course she has time to go to the dentist. She only has Jesus.' "

Making it better, sort of: "It is not as

Getting Dr. Supertooth's story for *Good Morning America*

BILL SMITH

Doing a television segment on an underwater hockey team

And on Other Home Fronts

From Puget Sound to Pennsylvania Avenue, typewriters clack at kitchen tables and computer screens glow in closets. Who cares if the roast burns or the dog sheds on the couch? Not the scores of homemaker-columnists who are busy pounding out their copy. Such trifles must wait their turn behind dreams of hitting it big like Bombeck.

Bombeck's success has spawned a split-level cottage industry. In newspapers throughout the land, local scribblers focus on the foibles of their own lives and families to win sympathetic chuckles from readers. And readers cannot seem to get enough. Most of these Bombeckians receive more mail by far than their publications' other life-style columnists, some are nationally syndicated, and a few have had their work collected in book form. None are precise Erma clones, and they wryly observe life from varieties of settings including city apartments and even Embassy Row. But wherever they call home, the dryer is on the fritz and the kids are unfathomable. Following is a selection of the different types who are working their own corners of territory in and around Bombeck country.

▸ Carol Dykstra, 46, lives in a most proper neighborhood of that country. At her Cape-style home in Braintree, Mass., the shy, dark-haired wife of a silverware-company executive can be as reserved as the framed family pictures in the living room. But beneath the propriety is the heart of a humorist. Dykstra struggled to be a comic writer for a decade, but got little encouragement until Bombeck responded to her advice-seeking letter by urging perseverance, "because there isn't enough humor in the world." Dykstra pressed on, and two years ago began selling whimsical pieces to the Boston *Herald*. Last year she was given her own weekly column, "That's Life," which appears in the paper's Sunday edition. She is delighted that opportunity knocked after her three children entered adolescence. "When they're young," she says, "you're too *tired* to write."

The Bombeck brigade, clockwise from top left: Dykstra, Gotlieb, Stewart and Schwartz

While Dykstra attacks the media hype of subjects such as soap-opera wives and Prince William's wardrobe, her best work pokes giggles into the generation gap. Climbing three flights of stairs to inspect her 23-year-old son's first apartment left her feeling "like Jane Fonda's mother in *Barefoot in the Park*." Her teen-age daughter is fond of making over Mother: "Mom, lemme mayo your hair." And a saccharine greeting card, "To a Special Daughter," prompted Dykstra to write: "It's their knack for leaving razors face up in the shower that makes them special."

▸ Sondra Gotlieb, 47, writes about her unusual home life twice a month in the Washington *Post*. The address: 1746 Massachusetts Avenue. She is the wife of Allan Gotlieb, Canadian Ambassador to the U.S., and her official residence, she quips, "is something between a private home and a public drinking place." The energetic and outspoken author (two novels plus travel and humor works) peoples her pieces with a lively cast of capital types. Melvin Thistle Jr. from State always arrives late; the elderly Baron Spitte switches place cards if he is positioned below the salt, and bitchy Partygoer Popsie Tribble typically advises, "Remember, you're sitting next to a job, not a person." Gotlieb's columns, in the form of letters to a fictional friend back in Ottawa, cast wry glances at officialdom and toss bemused barbs at her own role as a Washington "Wife Of." Diapers and car pools are not her problem, but "if you don't know the results of the last two primaries and you're having people for dinner, you might as well just go upstairs and cry." As she has written, "Wives Of get wrinkles at a younger age in Washington than in any other city."

▸ Marlyn Schwartz, 40, a 15-year veteran of the Dallas *Morning News*, has never been married. Without husbands, children and mortgages, what could be funny? Plenty, to Schwartz, who reported school and court news and wrote obituaries before turning to a humor column six years ago. Her three-times-a-week column turns a seen-it-all eye on the singles life.

Ann Landers once called *her* for advice (on writing about divorce, a Schwartz specialty). When the Hell's Angels hired a p.r. firm to upgrade their image, Schwartz went to the party expecting anything. She reported they were wearing designer jeans and had an ice sculpture. They sent her flowers after missing an interview. Says she: "They were mortified."

Schwartz shamelessly takes ideas from friends' experiences. Says the writer: "It's easier to find new friends than new columns." She also digs a working woman's elbow into dippy socialites and celebrity puritans like Diet Doctor Nathan Pritikin, whom she took to a Dallas taco joint. While he showed her how to eat healthily even there, she thought ravenously of "guilty nachos." Discovering Orlando, Fla., Schwartz announced, "Forget singles bars, forget computer matchmaking, forget gourmet dating clubs. If you want to meet a man, head straight for Disney World . . . I was there last week—and so were half of the divorced fathers in America."

▸ D.L. Stewart, 41, settles down at the typewriter four times each week to record household observations in the best Bombeck tradition. The difference is in the voice: Stewart has a much deeper one. D.L., who was known as Denny before legally changing his name to initials, is a liberated husband of 20 years and the father of four. In a Dayton *Journal Herald* column, he writes about the ordinary upsets at his tri-level home in the bedroom community of Beaverbrook, Ohio. Stewart has not always been one of the dinette set, however. In the beginning, he wanted to be another Jimmy Breslin, but after hanging out in locker rooms, the curly-haired journalist realized ten years ago, "You don't have to write about armpits and jockstraps to be a man."

Indeed, all he needs to do is observe his children. Two fast-selling books are devoted to their antics, and a third collection, *Father Seldom Knows Best*, will hit the racks next year. In those, along with a five-day-a-week radio call-in show and his "Off the Beat" column, he seems always to be reversing 9-to-5 clichés. Just before a meeting with his woman boss, for instance, he spilled hot tea on his pants. "I stand in front of her desk," he wrote, "my cheeks are flaming. My thighs are steaming." When his twelve-year-old son's science project turns out to be playing rock music to the house plants, the consequences for the plants, he writes, are surreal: "They're all deaf and two of them are starting to grow zits. And last night our Boston fern's hair caught fire." Stewart remembers when Bombeck wrote at the Dayton paper early in her career. "I wouldn't say that I looked at her and saw she was making $40 million and said, 'God what a racket!' But she certainly gave me an inspiration." —***By J. D. Reed***

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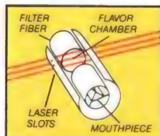

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Why, in the early '60s, she began writing columns: "I was too old for a paper route, too young for Social Security and too tired for an affair." This archetypal wisecrack is, after her heartfelt growl about the overmeticulous neighbor who waxes her driveway, probably the best known of Bombeck's nifties. It has a dead-on, chisel-it-on-my-tombstone truthfulness. But for the moment, no one paid much attention to her capering. She did a column a week, at $3 each, for the Kettering-Oakwood *Times*, a suburban weekly. Her desk was a piece of plywood supported by cinder blocks in the Bombeck bedroom. Her participation in the stately procession of English literature stopped before the family came home, and the shoe-leather minute steaks and ketchup always hit the table on time. "Mom never missed a dinner because of a deadline," Son Andrew says now. Given Bombeck's feelings about the enterprise—"Why take pride in cooking it, when they don't take pride in eating it?"—this is high tribute.

Bombeck turned out zingers in the wilderness, earned her $3 a week and tried not to spend it all in one place. Then in 1965 things began to move fast. The merged Dayton *Journal Herald* offered her a twice-a-week column, and only three weeks later, the Newsday syndicate took her up. The phrase is exact: in journalistic terms, syndication is equivalent to ascending to heaven on a pillar of cloud. By the end of her first year, she had 36 papers, including *Newsday*, the Denver *Post*, the Minneapolis *Star* and the Atlanta *Constitution*. She began to be recognized in supermarkets. One day in 1967, Bombeck remembers, she was kneeling on the floor of the bathroom in Centerville, laying a piece of shag carpet around the toilet, when she heard Arthur Godfrey talking about her first book, *At Wit's End*, on his radio program. This lady probably lives in an apartment in New York City, Godfrey said. Bombeck wrote to him, confessing the grisly truth, and soon became a regular guest on his program.

By this time the women of Bomburbia were changing. The housewives of Cushwa Drive had divorced or taken jobs, and Bombeck, somewhat ironically, was almost the last stay-at-home mom left on the block. The winds of feminism had swept through town, ruffling feathers. One evening, Bombeck recalls, she drove into town with some other women to hear a lecture by Betty Friedan, author of *The Feminine Mystique*. "She started talking about yellow wax buildup and all that, and all of us started laughing." Friedan shook her finger and scolded them: these were supposed to be demeaning concerns, not funny ones. Bombeck remembers thinking, "God, lady, you can't make it better tonight. What more do you want from us?" Bombeck's feeling was that "first we had to laugh; the crying had to come later." She still has not entirely forgiven Friedan and other militant feminists. "These women threw a war for themselves and didn't invite any of us. That was very wrong of them."

Vexation at poor tactics and abrasive personalities was one thing; conviction was another. Bombeck knew which side she was on. Her success had allowed the Bombecks to move to Phoenix. But in 1978 she gave up her $15,000-a-shot lecturing sideline and began a two-year stump tour in favor of the Equal Rights Amendment. She hit senior citizens' centers, parking lots and Laundromats. Some of her fans wanted to hear her jokes but not her political views. The Lieutenant Governor of one Southern state patted her on the head and said she should be home having babies. "My babies were old enough to vote against him," she says, still burning. One store in Salt Lake City took her books out of the window, "and just before Mother's Day too."

Bombeck took the ERA defeat hard, and still does. She has little respect for younger women who opposed the amendment. "The young ones are coming up with an attitude that says we got it all," she reflects. "The older women know we don't. My mother's generation still remembers when women didn't think it was respectable to drive alone at night, and went to bed because their husbands were tired."

A second defeat seems not to trouble her. In 1980 she sold a television series called *Maggie*, based on one of Bombeck's typical housewives, to ABC. Living in a Los Angeles apartment during the week, Bombeck got up at 5 each morning to write her column and by 9 was at a desk at Universal City Studios writing TV scripts. Bombeck never quite learned to love speaking show biz—"That line doesn't work for me, sweetie" and "Trust me"—and *Maggie* sank without a trace after eight episodes. The lines were funny, but somehow the show wasn't. One critic suggested that what was needed was Bombeck herself in front of the camera.

ROXEY STUDIOS

Erma at nine, decked out for a recital in her tap-dancing outfit
After the Good Ship Lollipop, *you were meant to get married.*

Humorists do not cry, much, and Bombeck returned to life in Arizona without a backward look. Her children are on their own now (Bombeck gives a heartfelt "whew!" and wipes her hand across her forehead). Betsy is a computer retailer in Los Angeles; Andrew, who served in the Peace Corps in Liberia, teaches gifted students in Scottsdale, Ariz., and Matthew works at an advertising agency in Los Angeles while he writes television scripts. They all agree that family life was warm and normal, not the succession of disasters that Bombeck still thinks she brought on their heads. "It was a real close family," says Andrew, "kind of square, with a real good atmosphere. I just assumed all families were like that." Matthew adds that as a kid, "you're pretty self-absorbed. You never look at your parents and think they're a little overworked. If anything, you think the opposite. The underlying thing is that she has pretty much been our mother. You think of her as Mother, not Erma Bombeck."

The handsome new house in Paradise Valley, overlooking Phoenix, is calm now when calm is needed. There is a secretary to intercept phone calls and a maid to chase dust balls. Bombeck does not even know if there is a septic tank. Bill and Erma have separate offices, and she is in hers by 8 each morning, after walking a "killer mile" or puffing along with a videotaped exercise routine. At her desk she is all business. When she has time, she weaves twigs and bits of string into a play and says that the first act is in workable order. But the three columns and two TV slots a week come first. Writer's block? No such luxury is permitted. If there is an idea whirling around in

her head, it's a great day. If not, she checks notes she has written to herself "on breath-mint wrappers, blank checks and hotel stationery." She relies now more on narrative than on the famous one-liners she fired off as a beginning columnist "because I was afraid people wouldn't wait for the story."

A column is only about 450 words, and the problem is simply to find the right ones. This takes three or four drafts usually, the first stiff and awkward, "like some English-class essay," and the last chatty and, in a carefully chiseled way, spontaneous. Advice to imitators: to avoid marooning yourself without provisions in a trackless last paragraph, think ahead of time of your cheery ending, the gag that leaves the reader newly hopeful that joining the French Foreign Legion may not be the only answer. Bombeck is proud of never missing a deadline, and she makes a point of quoting the praise of an elderly Detroit *Free Press* desk editor who said, with deep admiration, "I never read you, but by God you're on time!"

She is now writing not so much about the housewife sorting socks, she says, but about the same woman ten years later whose kids phone her at the office every five minutes. Going back to school and getting a master's degree really changed things, didn't it? Perhaps it is this sort of realism that is missing too often from her TV spots on *Good Morning America*. Television's appetite for visual gags forces her to be a comic entertainer, not the wise-guy satirist of the newspaper column. She has a natural talent for mugging, but when she tries, typically, to cope with an eccentric dentist who wears a Superman suit, or to record a hit country tune in Nashville, or to interview an underwater hockey team, the jokes sometimes seem forced. Even on TV, though, the zingers can zing: having decided, unaccountably, to interview a pig, she starts off, "Hi, I think I used to date your brother . . ."

Her conversation makes it clear that she is indeed, as she says, "a flaming liberal Democrat." But no, she will not use the column to let the air out of Ronald Reagan. Politics "isn't my beat," she explains; her readers would resent it. She does take risks with her writing, though she says, "You have to stand out there in your bloomers for a lot of years" before you have earned your readers' trust enough to try something radically new. Bombeck's readers have accepted a sharp departure in her latest book, *Motherhood: The Second Oldest Profession*. Most of it is funny, the mixture of short pieces, one-liners and wry humor as usual, but there are several short, sad stories that have the quality of O. Henry's sentimental tales. One tells of a mother who died of cancer, leaving each of three sons a letter that began, "I always loved you best . . ." Among the most effective is the story of an old Jewish widow who chats happily every night with her dead husband Seymour. Her grown children think she is batty and put her in a home. She does not care; she gets through to her husband there too, and in fact meets another old woman, who says cheerfully that, sure, her own dead husband talks about Seymour.

The author is not entirely certain about the sad pieces. They work, yeah, but "anybody—anybody—can bring out your tears. That is a piece of cake. It is 20 times as easy—make that 50—to make people cry rather than laugh." People have problems, she says. Their kids are on drugs, they aren't getting along with each other. "Now *you* . . ."—she says to her listener—"say something funny."

With raw material: Betsy, Andrew, Matthew, and Bill

A standing threat to charge her 25¢ apiece for each joke.

Usually she manages. On talk shows these days, she is always asked, with reference to the title of the new book, to name the oldest profession. She skips a beat, looks solemn and says, "Agriculture." It is very hard to catch her off balance. Her editor at McGraw-Hill, Gladys Justin Carr, recalls a lunch meeting in Chicago when Bombeck was publicizing her fifth book, *If Life Is a Bowl of Cherries, What Am I Doing in the Pits?*, hoping to match the previous sales of *The Grass Is Always Greener over the Septic Tank*. As Bombeck was about to begin her speech, a procession of waiters entered, each bearing a bowl of cherries over his head. There was laughter, then an expectant hush. Carr swears that Bombeck had known nothing about the cherries stunt. Unfazed, however, she stepped to the microphone and said, "Well, I hate to think what would be going on in here if we were promoting my last book."

The rewards of all the wit and work are now plentiful: for one thing, she is the only female in a seditious cabal called the American Academy of Humor Columnists, whose other members are Art Buchwald, Russell Baker, Art Hoppe, Gerald Nachman and Don Ross, and whose sole function is to give members an excuse to write insulting letters to one another. (She was admitted, says Buchwald, because she won a banana-bread bake-off with another woman and also promised to make coffee and clean up.) Her friends are admiring and loyal. "There is an awful lot under the hair curlers," says one of them, Columnist Ann Landers. "She is savvy and sophisticated enough not to come across as too savvy and sophisticated."

She has a closetful of honorary degrees, her very own 1983 Mercedes 380 SL convertible and three nicely grown children who claim that they are going to add up all the jokes she has made about them and charge her 25¢ apiece. Newspapers around the country *(see box)* are filled with would-be Bombecks bursting in air. Though when women say they want to be just like her, she says wryly, "What they mean is they want to stay at home, make a lot of money and appear on the Johnny Carson show."

More valuable than any of this is her rich, sure, rock-solid sense of inadequacy. No writer should be without it. Bombeck's brings her back to the typewriter, twitchy with remorse for the unspeakable sin of not measuring up, after only a few days of vacation. She writhes, and writes, and makes a rare sort of contact. "I swear to you, I don't write fiction," she says. Bill Bombeck and their endlessly libeled children swear she does. No matter: when the jokes splat on the page like strained spinach flung by somebody's centrifugal suburban baby, they are true to life. Bombeck's mail shows that. Women, mostly, write to her about husbands who haven't blinked since the football season started or convict sons or babies put out for adoption. Usually they try to make jokes; Bombeck has taught them how.

"Annie is fine except for a slight learning disability," one mother wrote. "Charlie was stuffing Cracker Jacks up his nose today with Carey Allen's assistance. They tried shaving a couple of months ago. Between the school's Halloween carnival (chairmanship, of course), a pumpkin pie in the oven and the twins, here is a very big thank you. I am selfish. I certainly swear, and we sure laugh a lot!" —***By John Skow.***
Reported by William McWhirter/Phoenix

Press

M. S. LORD—NEWSDAY

Embroidering the Facts

A New Yorker *writer prompts a storm of criticism*

Reporters labor hard to find perfect anecdotes and quotes to drive home the points they want their stories to make. At times they may even be tempted to take a shortcut and sweeten material by merging people into composite characters, placing them in colorful circumstances or concocting pithy remarks. But such fabrications, however faithful they may seem to the spirit of a reporter's observations, are violations of the ethics of the craft. Thus, when *New Yorker* Writer Alastair Reid, 58, admitted last week that he had indulged repeatedly in such sleight of hand, he prompted a well-deserved storm of criticism, and an apology from the prestigious and generally scrupulous *New Yorker*. Said the magazine's editor, William Shawn: "He made a journalistic mistake by our own rules. It hurt no one, it was meaningless, it was done for literary reasons."

Reid's manipulations of details were recounted in the *Wall Street Journal*. Reporter Joanne Lipman was a student at Yale in 1983 when Reid spoke at a seminar on literary law and ethics. In subsequent interviews with Lipman and then with a New York *Times* reporter, Reid appeared to endorse romanticizing the setting of a story and even the creation of composite characters and dialogue. Last week, however, Reid told TIME that he had long regarded his inventions as "an error, without qualification," and said, "I have not made a career of such practices." He explained that he disclosed his lapses in the seminar "as an example of something that you might do and that I had done—I was certainly not defending it." He did not rule out using the techniques again, but said, "I will take pains, should the issue arise, to make a full disclosure of what I am doing."

Altering facts to achieve a dramatic narrative is a legacy of the New Journalism, which was popularized in magazines and books in the 1960s and '70s and has been increasingly criticized. New Journalists may merge characters or invent scenes. They sometimes reconstruct sequences based on interviews with third parties rather than participants, and even claim to know what people were thinking. Clay Felker, when he was running *New York* magazine, edited out Gail Sheehy's explanation in an article that a prostitute, Redpants, was a composite because, he says, "I thought it slowed the story down." He regrets having misled readers. Reviewers challenged the reconstructed dialogue in David McClintick's 1982 Hollywood exposé *Indecent Exposure*, and Don Kowet's *A Matter of Honor*, an investigation, published this spring, of a CBS documentary about General William Westmoreland. Washington *Post* Reporters Bob Woodward and Carl Bernstein used unnamed sources to reconstruct scenes inside the Nixon White House in *The Final Days*. For Woodward's *Wired*, however, about Comedian John Belushi, he named sources section by section.

Reid in the early 1960s

Reid, a *New Yorker* writer since 1959, acknowledged five instances, and said there may have been others, in which he modified facts. By far the most troubling episode was a December 1961 "Letter from Barcelona" in which Reid described Spaniards sitting in "a small, flyblown bar," jeering openly at a televised speech by the then Dictator Francisco Franco. In fact, the bar as described no longer existed at the time of the broadcast, and Reid watched Franco's address in the home of the establishment's onetime bartender. Two of the main characters in the article were composites; some opinions supposedly voiced by Spaniards were Reid's own musings. Said Reid to the *Journal*: "Whether the bar existed or not was irrelevant to what I was after. If one wants to write about Spain, the facts won't get you anywhere." He told the *Times* that he was seeking "a larger reality," and was serving "truth" as he saw it. He said later in the week that one main motive was to protect his sources, but conceded that he could have done so without fabricating scenes.

Reid's other admitted lapses were less sweeping. In a 1976 report on the decline of a Spanish village, he "removed the specifics" from a description of the place to preserve its privacy; Shawn says the village was recognizable as "a composite." In a 1982 account from Spain, Reid attributed a conversation with an unnamed cab driver to a particular trip, although he concedes that he does not know exactly when it occurred because his notes "have no dates on them." For the magazine's "The Talk of the Town," a compendium of short, quasi-editorial reports, he described his son's 1982 Yale graduation from the purported perspective of "a flinty old friend . . . from the country" attending the graduation of a grandniece. He devised a similar character, and fictitious dialogue, to report a speech at New York University by Nobel-Prizewinning Poet Czeslaw Milosz. Reid's explanation: using a fictional persona helped him overcome writer's block. Personae, such as "our man Stanley," and pseudonyms, such as the railroad buff "E.M. Frimbo," are common devices in "Talk."

Journalists generally hold that compressing a person's remarks or improving his grammar is acceptable if it does not distort meaning. But Editor William Thomas of the Los Angeles *Times* said that he would dismiss a reporter for behavior like Reid's: "It is an indulgence we cannot afford in this business." Leonard Downie, who was named last week as managing editor of the Washington *Post*, said, "Shawn is apparently torn between personal loyalty to Reid and the standards for accuracy of his magazine." Declared Des Moines *Register* President Michael Gartner: "Anybody can be a good writer if you don't have to deal with the facts." To critics, it did not matter that Reid's deviations were mainly inconsequential. Any departure from fact is the first step on a slippery slope toward unbelievability. Facts are what people can agree on. Truth can be determined by each reader. —***By William A. Henry III. Reported by Marcia Gauger/New York***

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Liquid-nitrogen tank in which embryos are frozen and stored at Queen Victoria hospital

Law

Quickening Debate over Life on Ice

Do orphaned embryos have legal rights?

Sitting in a stainless-steel vat of liquid nitrogen at Queen Victoria Medical Center in Melbourne, chilled to a crisp −320° F, are 200 glass tubes, each holding a microscopic embryo. Just two to eight cells in size, they are babies in waiting, life on ice, kept for possible use by participants in the hospital's in-vitro fertilization (IVF) program. Last week hospital officials were stunned to learn that two of their charges could be heirs to a million-dollar fortune. The news set armchair ethicists around the world abuzz and forced Australian policymakers to ponder an area of the law that is indeed embryonic.

The unsettled estate—and the frozen assets—was that of Mario and Elsa Rios, a Los Angeles couple who made a fortune in real estate. In 1978, after Elsa's ten-year-old daughter by a previous marriage accidentally shot herself, the disconsolate couple sought to have another child. Unable to conceive by natural means, they turned, in 1981, to Melbourne's pioneering IVF program. Because Rios, then 54, was infertile, doctors used sperm from an anonymous donor to fertilize a number of eggs taken from his 37-year-old wife. Several were implanted, and two spares were frozen for use in case the pregnancy failed. As it happened, Elsa Rios miscarried, but she decided to postpone any further attempts until she felt "emotionally ready."

In April 1983, the couple died in a plane crash in Chile, leaving no wills. Under California law, Michael Rios, Mario's son by an earlier marriage, is entitled to his father's share of the estate. Elsa's share goes to her 65-year-old mother. The discovery of the embryos has, however, raised a number of questions. Do they, for example, have any rights of inheritance? To whom do they belong, and who has jurisdiction over their fate? Most basic of all, do they have a right to life?

This last question in particular has created a furor. Protestant churches have argued that the eggs should not be artificially maintained, but thawed and allowed to die naturally. Australian right-to-life groups, the Roman Catholic Church and some Orthodox Jewish leaders have protested that this would violate the sanctity of life. Instead, they believe the cells should be implanted in volunteer surrogate mothers.

That idea is fraught with problems, not the least of which are medical. According to Dr. Carl Wood, head of Queen Victoria's IVF unit, freezing techniques used in 1981 were rudimentary, and the Rios embryos are probably no longer viable. Moreover, many legal experts say that once the embryos are implanted, they lose any semblance of a claim to the Rios estate. Says Victoria Law Institute Spokesman Chris Wray: "A donor embryo does not belong to the donors of the genetic material but to the parents to whom the child is ultimately born."

"The whole matter of embryos' rights is new territory," says George Annas, professor of legal medicine at Boston University. "There are no statutes on the books here or in Australia." Experts in both countries have suggested that the wishes of the parents should be paramount in determining the fate of leftover zygotes, and that these wishes should be put in writing. Unfortunately, it is too late for the Rioses to do so. Baffled officials at Queen Victoria hospital are therefore looking for guidance from a committee appointed in 1982 by the state of Victoria to study legal questions raised by IVF technology. The committee's report is due within two months, and with the embryos' fate hanging in the balance, its conclusions are no longer a matter of abstract theorizing. —***By Claudia Wallis. Reported by Deborah Kaplan/Los Angeles and Ann Westmore/Melbourne***

Milestones

BORN. To **Robyn Gibson,** 27, and **Mel Gibson,** 28, American-born Australian hunky-dory actor (*The Year of Living Dangerously, The Bounty*): their fourth child, third son; in Sydney.

DIED. Soia Mentschikoff, 69, Russian-born legal scholar and educator who specialized in commercial law and broke down many professional barriers: in 1947 she became the first woman to teach law at Harvard, in 1951 the first at the University of Chicago; from 1974 until her 1982 retirement, she was dean of the University of Miami law school, one of the first women so appointed at an accredited U.S. institution; of cancer; in Coral Gables, Fla.

DIED. Lee Krasner, 75, pioneer abstract expressionist painter of the New York School, whose mastery of draftsmanship and color, informed by an angry toughness and an exceptionally strong sense of rhythm, showed the influence of Matisse and Picasso as well as Jackson Pollock, her husband from 1945 until his death in 1956; after a long illness; in New York City. When they met in 1936, the Brooklyn-born Krasner was the better credentialed of the two and helped move Pollock toward the avant-garde. She continued to paint in a mutually respectful, noncompetitive partnership with him during the years of poverty and productivity on their farm in East Hampton, N.Y. Krasner finally saw her work attract recognition and respect in a celebrated 1983 retrospective that is still making the rounds of U.S. museums.

DIED. Joseph Losey, 75, expatriate American cinema director whose films were relentless, almost clinical studies of human frailty and spiritual corruption; of cancer; in London. An avowed leftist forced into exile by the McCarthy-era blacklist, he started working in England in 1952 and collaborated with Writer Harold Pinter on most of his best films, including *The Servant* (1963), *Accident* (1966) and *The Go-Between*, which won first prize at the Cannes Film Festival in 1971.

DIED. James H. Rowe, 75, lawyer, influential New Dealer and trusted aide of Franklin Roosevelt who was a friend and adviser to subsequent Democratic Presidents, especially Lyndon Johnson, and a back-room power in Democratic politics for 40 years; in Washington, D.C. Always nostalgic, he called the heady days of the 1930s the most exciting since those of the founding fathers, adding, "And I'm not so damned sure about the founding fathers."

DIED. Estelle Winwood, 101, fey, indefatigable slip of a British character actress who in an eight-decade career appeared on Broadway in some 40 plays, especially those of G.B. Shaw, Oscar Wilde and Noël Coward, and a score of movies, including *The Glass Slipper* (1955) and *Murder by Death* (1976); in Los Angeles.

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TIME MAGAZINE
Distinguished Beverage Alcohol Wholesaler Award Winner

D.J. "Buddy" Romano

D.J. Buddy Romano, President, Romano Bros. Beverage Company, Chicago, Illinois

TIME Magazine recently honored eight distinguished wine and spirits wholesalers at the 1984 Wine and Spirits Wholesalers of America, Inc. (WSWA) Convention.

One of these businessmen is D.J. "Buddy" Romano from Chicago, Illinois. He was honored for his outstanding performance as a wholesaler and as a valued citizen through service to his community.

TIME is proud to give these outstanding individuals the recognition they've earned and to pay tribute to the hundreds of wholesalers across the nation.

This important award was made in cooperation with WSWA and Advisory Council.

People

If you've got it, merchandise it. **Christie Brinkley,** 29, has and she does. Last year there was a striking swimsuit poster and calendar. The supermodel has also decided to take an active role in creating the clothes that she wears so well. Last week Brinkley was in Manhattan at the gala "label cutting" for her own Russ Togs line of swim and sport clothes due in department stores this fall. Wearing a man's pajama shirt and secondhand tuxedo jacket plus knit cotton pants she designed herself, Brinkley wants "to design clothes that are comfortable. These are not going to be skimpy bathing suits cut up to here. These are suits my mom can wear too." Considerate dads might want to go out and buy their wives a copy of Brinkley's workout book.

BOB SACHA

Cutting her own swatch: Brinkley and one of her swimsuits

■

It is already a classic of Hollywood deal making gone sour. The upshot is that if Director **Francis Coppola,** 45, has any chance of getting *The Cotton Club* to the screen in December as planned, it rests with U.S. District Court Judge **Irving Hill.** In a ruling last week in Los Angeles, Hill likened a foot-high pile of allegations, suits and countersuits to the movie *Rashomon*, in which "every event is reported entirely differently by every person who saw it." The cast of the courtroom drama includes Coppola, Producer **Robert Evans** and Investors **Fred** and **Edward Doumani** and **Victor Sayyah,** who have been waging a bitter back-lot struggle for control of the way-over-budget ($58 million in all, some say) Harlem jazz-era epic with **Richard Gere, Diane Lane** and **Gregory Hines.** Says Evans of Coppola, in one reported sample of the prevailing civility: "He has as much respect for money as I do for Gaddafi." Waving aside intimations of drug abuse and gangland connections, Judge Hill left Evans in charge but gave final authority over postproduction decisions to Associate Producer **Barrie Osborne,** who is backed by Coppola and the Doumanis. Meanwhile, one Hollywood agent is said to have found the off-camera yarn so interesting that he offered $500,000 for screen rights to *The Cotton Club* courtroom papers.

EPSTEIN—CAMERA 5

Off-camera classic: Hines and Coppola on the set of *Cotton Club*

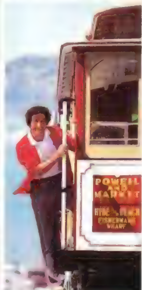
Pulitzer Prizewinning Journalist **Harrison Salisbury,** 75, first approached the Chinese government with the idea of retracing Mao Tse-tung's Long March twelve years ago. "They just laughed," he recalls. But Salisbury persisted, and last fall he was finally given the go-ahead for a 70-day journey along the more than 6,000-mile route that Communist troops trekked on foot to escape Chiang Kai-shek's Nationalist army in 1934-35. With his wife Charlotte, an interpreter and General Qin Xing Han, deputy director of the military museum in Peking, Salisbury made some concessions to age, skipping a few miles here and there and using mostly Jeeps or minibuses. The author, now at home, expects to complete a book, *The Long March: The Untold Story*, in time for the 50th anniversary of the historic event in the fall of next year. Says Salisbury: "It was the most remarkable journey I've had in 50 years of reporting, but the green hills of Connecticut look awfully good to me now."

CHARLOTTE Y. SALISBURY

Trail Followers Salisbury and Qin

■

Once again those "little cable cars" were "climbing halfway to the stars." So one star came the other half of the way to meet them, celebrating the cars' reappearance after a two-year, $60 million restoration job. **Tony Bennett,** 57, his heart still in his throat, on his sleeve and in San Francisco simultaneously, helped Mayor **Dianne Feinstein,** 51, lead a citywide festival marking the official reopening of the system. "One of the great treats in life is to ride on a cable car," burbled Bennett. "The whole world has been waiting for this day." As church bells rang and thousands of balloons bobbed in the wind, Bennett obligingly belted out his trademark song over and over for swooning bystanders. Doesn't he get a little bit tired of repeating the same lyrics? Retorts the eternal romantic: "Do you ever get tired of making love?"



MENDEZ—PICTURE GROUP

Bennett: back on the tracks

—By Guy D. Garcia

Lewis airborne and headed for 28 ft. 7 in.

Leaving other Americans below: Tully in flight

Sport

A Dress Rehearsal for Lewis *et al.*

In Los Angeles, the trials that time men's bodies

In the blinking sunshine and swirling breezes of Los Angeles Memorial Coliseum, clean and cheerful if never more than one-third full, the U.S. Olympic track-and-field team was determined last week in a stirring celebration of more than Carl Lewis, but Lewis most of all. Before a man can win four gold medals, he must qualify in four events, and Lewis did this with a flourish, though without posting any records. Fragile Sprinter Evelyn Ashford's gold-medal ambitions declined from three to two. Hurdlers Edwin Moses and Greg Foster rejoiced. Mary Decker found out she could run only as far as the law would allow. And a wound-up Methuselah named Ed Burke took a 16-lb. ball by the chain, swung it and flung it, and spun something wonderful.

Fortified by Sister Carol's special chicken curry with rice, chauffeured by his father Bill, cheered by his mother Evelyn (when she could bear to watch), only Lewis, 22, seemed unawed by the regimen of so many heats under so much pressure. "I'm not saying it's easy," he announced at the outset, "but it's attainable. I'm ready to roll." He won the 100-meter dash in 10.06 with his familiar finishing crescendo, over Football Players Sam Graddy of Tennessee and Ron Brown, soon of the Los Angeles Rams. So the 4 × 100-meter relay team was set, too, in this likely order: Graddy leading off, Brown the second leg, Calvin Smith the third, Lewis the anchor.

Without straining, he won the long jump by about a foot and a half (28 ft. 7 in.) and turned to the 200-meter run. "I'm still a novice in the 200, as compared with the 100," he said, after burning through the curve in 19.86 and then kissing the track like an explorer. Kirk Baptiste and Thomas Jefferson, who finished second and third, expressed the situation clearly when Baptiste said, "I hope I can finish second in the Olympics," and Jefferson advised, "The closer you get to Carl, the better your chances will be."

Tom Tellez, who has coached Lewis for five years, observed, "Carl has taught me that the human body is an amazing machine and that the mind and its awareness are such important things. This is the closest I've seen him come to being perfect. He's on the edge of something phenomenal in all of his events." Said Lewis: "I was always relaxed as a sprinter, but I didn't understand it. Coach Tellez taught me the importance of relaxation in competition. It's realizing when you hit full speed that you only have to maintain."

The second most compelling figure at the trials was Ashford, 27, who has dominated sprinting in this country since 1977 but was hamstrung for the 1980 trials and also broke down during the Helsinki World Championships a year ago. Her resolve is stony: "I want to do all the commercials. I want fame and fortune." But her 5-ft. 5-in., 115-lb. body is made of china. "If you sharpen a pencil point so finely," says Leslie Kaminoff, Ashford's physical therapist, "it can break."

Against her coach's inclination, she ignored a twinge in her right thigh to go on and win the 100 meters, ensuring a place on the 4 × 100 relay as well. "The reason Evelyn has so many problems," says Coach Pat Connolly, "is that she's at a new speed plateau. She is able to run faster than ever, but her hamstrings can't take the strain." Kaminoff treated the injury with an Electro-Acuscope, a mysterious contraption related to Eastern acupuncture used by Sports Sociologist Jack Scott in reviving Joan Benoit before her victory in the marathon trial. Encased in tights, Ashford had to pull up in her 200 qualifying heat after 70 meters. An alternative favorite, Chandra Cheeseborough, also dropped out (to rest a pulled hamstring), leaving first in the final to Valerie Briscoe-Hooks. Cheeseborough earlier ran a U.S.-record 400 (49.28), and expects to be well enough to take her mark in that race at the Games.

A stirring 800 as Jones (248) and Gray (384) fight

Mary Decker made light work of her 1,500- and 3,000-meter heats, but lost her legal argument that, in failing to provide women with 5,000- and 10,000-meter opportunities, the Games unfairly discriminate. Said dissenting Court of Appeals Judge Harry Pregerson last week: "The

Olympic flame, which should be a symbol of harmony, equality and justice, will burn less brightly over the Los Angeles Olympic Games." But Decker jogged on. She qualified for the team by easily winning the 3,000 and seemed likely to staff the 1,500 as well.

Moses is still seven years between losses. Starting from the outer lane, he won the 400-meter hurdles (47.76), a 102nd consecutive success. "It's been a terrific mental tussle this week," he said, "putting up with the pressure of all the hype about the streak." Still he seemed as cool as ever, as his wife Myrella testified. "He's really blasé about the streak," she confided. "He says, 'If I lose, then I lose. I'll just go out and start another streak.' Me? I'd be devastated."

As usual, devastation was well represented at the trials. "We're leaving home Andre Phillips," Moses said with a sigh, referring to the world's second-ranked 400 hurdler, who happened to have a head cold and finished fourth. After the race, Phillips chucked his shoes into the infield in disgust. He had been doing well. "He's running 48 seconds," Moses said. "It's tough." American Heptathlon Record Holder Jane Frederick inexplicably failed at the high jump and was out. The 800 meters had two unexpected casualties: Don Paige and James Robinson. There is a quadrennial argument against do-or-die trials in favor of committee selections. But it might be recalled that when two eminent U.S. hurdlers faltered in the 1976 trials, a particularly golden moment of the Games was provided by one of the three outsiders, Edwin Moses.

More than just an upset, the 800-meter race was the most stirring event of the week. It became a photo finish, and four men made the picture. Earl Jones, 20, an Eastern Michigan University sophomore, set a killing pace and somehow held on against Johnny Gray, who was awarded the same 1:43.74 American record time. "I knew the pace would take a lot out of Robinson and Paige," said Jones. "I'm strong, and I have the speed." The third and fourth places were also assigned the same time (1:43.92), so John Marshall made the team and Robinson missed it by a heartbeat. Marshall of Villanova gave thanks to an assistant coach there, the same Don Paige who wound up fifth.

A glaring controversy was the javelin competition, which began a little after 5 p.m., when the spear throwers complained that a fellow could lose his Olympics in the sun. Duncan Atwood noted, "It was sort of like having a flash go off in your face just as you released." Mel Durslag, a Los Angeles historian for the *Herald Examiner*, recalled that similar worries were heard in 1958 when the Dodgers wanted to put home plate in the Coliseum's east end. A man from nearby Arcadia proposed floating a giant balloon over the west rim, thereby shading the batter's eyes, but then someone else thought of moving home plate. Deciding not to wait for any logical reversals, Atwood taped on a pair of sunglasses and beat World Record Holder Tom Petranoff, 306 ft. 7 in. to 278 ft. 8 in. "There is now a new world record," Petranoff said pointedly, "for throwing into the sun wearing sunglasses."

In one of the few references to the Communist boycott, Atwood added, "If I win a medal [in the Olympics], I should mail it to the East Germans, who really deserve it. I probably wouldn't do anything that extreme, but that's where my sentiments lie."

When 47-year-old Discus Thrower Al Oerter wrecked his calf three weeks ago and abandoned his quest for a fifth gold-medal Games, sentiment took a tough loss. But it rebounded marvelously in the person of Hammer Thrower Burke, 44, the singular delight of the trials. His motto: "We must not step off life's parade." A veteran of the 1968 Olympics, Burke retired for twelve years, patented a hydraulic weight-lifting machine and sold it for $2 million. Five years ago, his two teen-age daughters helped him scrub the rust from the old ball and chain in the garage. They sent him off to the trials with a Father's Day card that opened up and played the theme from *Rocky*. With a toss of 235 ft. 7 in., Burke finished third to Bill Green and Jud Logan. He made the Games.

Celebrated Pole Vaulter Billy Olson did not, but he was of good cheer. Mindful that his indoor sessions are better, Olson said, "Maybe in 1988 I should go out for the Winter Games." Former U.C.L.A. Star Mike Tully, 27, performed the tallest vault by any American in history, 19 ft. ¾ in., and the first of his three subsequent attempts at a world-record 19 ft. 3¾ in. looked rattlingly close. Spectators were enjoying the thought of Soviet Record Holder Sergei Bubka opening his *U.S.S.R. Today* the following morning and receiving the news. But Tully came no closer.

He had reached the peak he had set out for, "to have a good time and make the Olympics." Tonie Campbell, who followed Foster in the 110-meter hurdles, exclaimed, "Being an Olympian is better than landing on the moon!" Al and Jackie Joyner, a triple jumper and heptathlete, went in as a family entry. Carol Lewis was hoping to make it two brother-and-sister teams in the long jump. For the Lewis family, the wind on the Coliseum floor was the only ill omen. "If there were flags out there on the runway," Carl said, "they'd all be blowing a different direction. It will be real hard to jump here unless we have a miracle and the wind decides to blow one way." But, as World Record Holder Bob Beamon (29 ft. 2½ in.) might tell him, miracles are not unknown in the long jump. *—By Tom Callahan. Reported by Steven Holmes and Melissa Ludtke/Los Angeles*

to a photo finish

Decker moving out to take a 3,000 heat

Moses keeps the seven-year streak going

Norman and Zoeller on the green for the final hole of the playoff

Sportsmanship by Eight Strokes

Grace and Zoeller win the towel wavers' U.S. Open

The shot making at Winged Foot last week was only remarkable, the towel waving memorable. Fuzzy Zoeller signaled mock surrender to Greg Norman at the fieriest moment of a U.S. Open Sunday, and when the heat was off in their 18-hole playoff the following day, Norman waved back. Golf may be "a rude game," as Zoeller says, but golfers almost unfailingly display a grace under pressure that used to be the definition of heroism. From Yankee Stadium to Wimbledon, the phrase has pretty much abandoned sport.

This is not to say that very many have the temperament of Frank Urban Zoeller, 32, who whistles while he plays. Or that an eight-stroke drubbing was casually accepted by Norman, 29, a hatchet-faced Australian able to hit the ball prodigious distances in unpredictable directions. "I needed something special. It never happened," he said after the playoff. "I feel disappointed and hollow." While it is the nature of contests that today's defeat can make yesterday's victory seem meaningless, neither a 160-yd., 6-iron shot into the 18th grandstand nor a 40-ft. putt into the 72nd hole will ever leave Norman completely.

Zoeller is right about the game's impolite tendencies. Ten years ago, venerable Winged Foot in Mamaroneck, N.Y., was outfitted by the United States Golf Association as retaliation for Johnny Miller's final 63 in the previous Open. To charges that at times they have attempted to mortify the world's greatest golfer, U.S.G.A. officials always answer no, they were only trying to identify him, never explaining how they might happen to identify him as Orville Moody or Andy North.

In 1974 Hale Irwin neglected to break par 70 on any of the four days, but his seven-over-par score won the tournament by two shots. This year, when agronomists left the course relatively alone, Irwin led with three subpar rounds before collapsing spectacularly under the combined weight of Winged Foot's patient vengeance and a second straight day of Zoeller's rollicking gallery. These days a golfer unafraid to smile is likely to be followed anywhere. Before the playoff, Zoeller said, "I kept hearing people say, 'Don't let the money out of the country.' Hell, it's only going to Orlando." Norman recently moved there.

Making a 68-ft. putt without trying to, Zoeller took a three-stroke lead on the second hole. Norman three-putted three of the first five, and the most meaningful championship in golf turned into a brisk 3-hr. 15-min. walk. When Zoeller missed a birdie putt near the close of his handsome 67, Norman in jest made the sort of choking sign that professional basketball players flash to each other in earnest. Then he went to his own ball. "Knock it in," Fuzzy said softly.

His aching back is bad enough for Zoeller alternately to contemplate quitting or having surgery. "A few minor pains," he acknowledged after each round, though none ever showed. "Walking the final hole gave me the warmest feeling up the coldest streak of my back. Like the Masters [which he won in 1979, also in a playoff], I think I'll realize what I've done over a period of years." Someone wondered how soon Norman is apt to win a major championship, and the straw-haired man known as the Great White Shark replied, "The next one." Who will root against him? —*T.C.*

Burying Swale

In a distressing horse melodrama mysterious enough for Dick Francis, Kentucky Derby and Belmont Stakes Winner Swale collapsed suddenly last week. Just eight days after his emphatic four-length victory at Belmont—the 1½-mile test of three-year-old champions—Swale returned from an ordinary gallop, reared up, tumbled over and died.

The pathologists' instant guess was that Swale's heart had failed, but in the autopsy no ruptures or lesions could be found. "We're really at a bit of a loss now," said Veterinarian Helen Acland. The brain tissue will not be fully examined for ten days; complete toxicity tests might take a month. The dark carcass of the son of Seattle Slew was sent to Claiborne Farm in Paris, Ky., for more than the traditional burying of the head, heart and hoofs. As Claiborne's only Derby winner, he rated burial in an oaken casket with a silver lid lined in the farm's yellow racing color.

Stephens and Swale after winning the Derby

It has been a mean year at Claiborne. The master of the farm, Seth Hancock, was also the main syndicator of Devil's Bag, thought to be a superhorse last year when a $36 million breeding future was arranged. Following lame three-year-old performances, he was actually declared slightly lame and retired to stud at Claiborne. In Trainer Woody Stephens' barn and heart, Swale started the year a second-stringer. What Swale's worth as a stallion might have been and how much insurance covered him are included in the mystery. But $50 million and $15 million are the common estimates. There has been no suggestion of foul play. Said Dr. Robert Fritz, the attending veterinarian: "Sometimes horses die on you, and you never know why."

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Art

Gliding over a Dying Reef

The Venice Biennale: two good shows, but much tired mannerism

The Venice Biennale is the longest-running festival-*cum*-survey in modern art. The first one was held in 1895, and the 41st opened this month in its three dozen national pavilions, set in the public gardens a few minutes by *vaporetto* from Piazza San Marco. It is, as always, a hotchpotch with some loose thematic strands. The ostensible subject for 1984 is "Art and the Arts"—painting, sculpture and their connections to other media, to their own history, to architecture, and so on. Almost anything can be gathered under such an umbrella, and nearly everything has been, from plaster Apollos to graffiti, from marble to flickering television sets. The prevailing tone is of fatigue and mannerism. Everyone complains that the Biennale, like art itself, is in decline; such complaints are a necessary part of the ritual of visiting it. But this year in particular the visitor feels like a tourist in a glass-bottomed boat, gliding over a dying reef: here a brilliant polyp, there a parrot fish or sea fan, but acres of dead whitish-gray coral to tell the real story.

There are two outstanding exhibitions this year. One is historical: "The Arts in Vienna from the Founding of the Secession to the Fall of the Hapsburg Empire," a stupendous collocation of more than a thousand objects that fills the Palazzo Grassi: paintings by Klimt and Schiele, furniture by Hoffman and Moser, posters, stage designs, textiles, jewelry, ceramics by dozens of artists both famous and obscure. Apart from Venice itself, this is the main reason for going to Venice. The other is a one-man show by Howard Hodgkin at the English pavilion. Not since Robert Rauschenberg's appearance at the Biennale 20 years ago has a show by a single painter so hogged the attention of visitors or looked so effortlessly superior to everything else on view by living artists. One enters it with a sense of relief: here the wearisome traits of much contemporary art, its honking rhetoric, its unconvincing urgency, its arid "appropriations" of motifs, are left at the door, and the slow-surfacing complexities of mature, articulate painting greet the eye.

Hodgkin paints small, and his work combines the intimate with the declamatory. Every image seems to be based either on a room with figures or a peep into a garden from a window, and is regulated by layered memories of conversation, sexual tension and private jokes. But this is conveyed by an extraordinary blooming, spotting, bumbling and streaking of color, an irradiation of the mildly anecdotal by the aggressively visual. The small size of Hodgkin's canvases puts a high premium on their quality of touch (which rarely falters), but the color counts most.

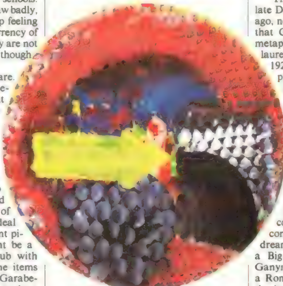
When Rauschenberg won the painting grand prize (long since abolished) at the 1964 Biennale, European critics bitterly complained about American influence in the art world. Today, of course, such transatlantic rivalries are ancient history. They have been canceled by a market system based on multinational trading, where conglomerates of dealers sell their menus of American, Italian, German artists to German, Italian, American clients. There is not one American artist under 50 whose work creates the anxiety among discriminating Europeans that Rauschenberg and Jasper Johns, or their pop successors, did in the '60s.

The main emotion provoked by the American pavilion this year is embarrassment. Organized by Marcia Tucker, director of the New Museum in New York City, it shows only that journalistic ideas cannot always be shaped into exhibitions the way poor novels can be made into films. Its title, "Paradise Lost/Paradise Regained," as Tucker's catalogue essay usefully reminds

the transatlantic audience, "is taken from the two great epic poems of John Milton, published in the mid-17th century, which tell the story of the fall of man and his redemption." Grasping this arcane key with one hand and clutching the forehead with the other, one stumbles into a little Disney work of apocalyptic kitsch and feeble nostalgia. Most of the artists involved are fairly typical products of American art schools: ambitious battery chickens who draw badly, mistake spasmodic quirks for deep feeling and use "irony"—that inflated currency of the '80s—like wallpaper when they are not waving their pictorial clichés as though they were inventions.

And there are clichés to spare. "Paradise Lost/Paradise Regained" seeks to address what happened when the American dream of Eden, the transcendentalism whose master image was sublime wilderness, went sour from aggression, pollution, tract homes, nuclear waste. From toppling seas to garish motel interiors, from Huck Finn fishermen to Piranesian renderings of ruined superbowls, all the rodomontade of fallen America is there. The ideal visitor to this show, with its decent pieties and visual banalities, might be a blind member of the Sierra Club with Baptist leanings. Of course, some items are better than others. Charles Garabedian, a veteran from California, works a klutzy but amusing variation on Aegean idyls and myths in *Island N. 2*, 1982. There are a few inferior things by talented artists like Eric Fischl. As for the rest, ship it back home to Dubuque.

But are other contemporary sections of the Biennale much better? Hardly. The French pavilion presents secondhand work like Louis Cane's pastiche of Picasso, *Le Déluge*, 1982, and is headed up by the voluble and tedious recent paintings of Jean Dubuffet. The star of the German pavilion is A.R. Penck, whose hamfisted graphorrhea, expressed in mock-primitive stick figures, is unrelieved by any qualities of design. Apart from him, neoexpressionism does not feature much at this Biennale. What predominates—especially in the main theme show, "Art in the Mirror," which sets out to trace the influence of "classic" art on late modernism—is a hothouse tendency called *La Pittura Colta* (Cultivated Painting). This is a mode of cold classical allegory, tightly done with an air of academic erudition.



The blooming color of Hodgkin's *Valentine*

Its most vigorous antecedents are a pair of French sculptors, Anne and Patrick Poirier, represented here by *The Death of Encelade*, 1983, an imposing pile of broken marble with a bronze spear driven into the top and two huge blind stone eyes apparently broken from a colossus. This jolting piece of theater is bound to appeal to the Ozymandias watcher in everyone.

This is not the only new work in Venice this year to extract some poetry from the archaic or mythic past. There are, for instance, the canvases of Christopher Lebrun, a young Englishman whose thickly mortared landscapes featuring cypresses, caverns and the winged horse Pegasus have a Böcklin-like drama that is not wholly the result of judicious quotation. But quotation does rule. This Biennale has more plaster casts in it than the cellar of a Viennese art academy: the abused relics of antiquity dragged back as conceptual décor for a dying art tradition.

Thus *La Pittura Colta*: the revenge of late De Chirico on modernism. A decade ago, nobody wanted the historicist kitsch that Giorgio de Chirico, the master of metaphysical painting who became the laureate of Fascist taste, produced after 1925. Today his work goes for big prices and is assiduously promoted. It is therefore not surprising that the Biennale should devote several rooms to him. However, the qualities of *La Pittura Colta* go far beyond, or below, De Chirico's fussy homages to Rubens, Titian or Fragonard. Its exponents, such as Carlo Maria Mariani, Stefano di Stasio or Omar Galliani, never use such "warm" sources. As shown by Mariani's *Ercole che Riposa*, they prefer the cold touch of marble and the frigid contortions of mannerism. Their dream of beauty is a simpering Apollo or a Big Daddy Hercules surrounded by Ganymedes with pearlescent teeth, all in a Roman campagna done from slides—the love among the ruins that dares not speak its name.

The classicism of *La Pittura Colta* is a mere shell, and its vaunted erudition is as thin as a museum postcard. All it retains from the *beaux-arts* tradition is the desire to get the highlight on the Spartan's backside right—not that it always does so. It has the calm not of classical elevation but of exhausted decadence. The Venetian setting is unfair to it, for anyone can take the water-bus back to the Scuola di San Rocco and see what Tintoretto could do with the human figure. The right place for it is Las Vegas, among the fountains of Caesars Palace and La Scultura Sinatra. —*By Robert Hughes*

Garabedian's *Island N. 2*: nothing to create '60s-style anxiety

Cane's *Le Déluge*: secondhand work with a prevailing tone of fatigue

Cinema

Nothing New Under the Sun

Three summer movies offer more of the same old thing

RHINESTONE

She (Dolly Parton) is a country singer itching to escape from her predatory manager. He (Sylvester Stallone) is a Noo Yawk cab driver with both feet recklessly pressed on the accelerator pedal of life. East is East and South is South and never the twang shall meet, right? Not if you are familiar with Hollywood's perennial passion for cross-pollinating ethnic strains. Before you can say "Kinky Friedman and the Texas Jewboys," the country kitten has made a bet with her manager that in two weeks she can turn this city rat into a down-home singing star. Anyone who has trouble predicting the order and outcome of each succeeding scene in this amiable airhead of a movie will be required to stay after class and read *Pygmalion* 100 times.

A very few films become hits because of their originality; *Rhinestone* harbors no such subversive motives. It means to breed familiarity without contempt by putting two proven stars through paces as measured as any in a sitcom plot. Sly visits Dolly's Tennessee home town and feels like an alien among bohunks (as in TV's *Green Acres*). Dolly tangles with her alcoholic ex–singing partner, who is also her ex-husband (as in *Tender Mercies*). Dolly teaches Sly to move country-style (as in the *Let's Hear It for the Boy* sequence from *Footloose*). Sly belts out Little Richard's rave-up *Tutti-Frutti* before an incredulous audience (as in another of this week's culture clashes, *Top Secret!*).

Bob Clark, a journeyman among movie genres (*Murder by Decree, Tribute, Porky's, A Christmas Story*), directs the script by Phil Alden Robinson and Stallone to its prearranged destination without many bumps or scenic side trips. Tim Thomerson wrings some sweetly comic juice from his role as Dolly's conniving ex; and Stallone, who as a singer seems to have taken charisma lessons from his songwriter brother Frank, is game and good-spirited in a role that plays too heavily on urban oafishness. *Rhinestone*, though, belongs to the lady. Parton is an irresistible screen presence, cute and cuddlesome and just a mite raunchy, a sort of Daisy Mae West. And when she sings, "I would let my gentle bosom / Be the pillow for your head," she reminds us that her body is a statuesque amalgam of art and nature. All together now: two cheers for Dolly! —*By Richard Corliss*

Clash of subcultures: Stallone and Parton in *Rhinestone*

TOP SECRET!

Captured by the East German secret police, Nick Rivers (Val Kilmer), an American rock star turned secret agent, is being tortured. This happens off-camera, but we have some idea of his suffering because one of his tormentors has been introduced as "a moron who knows only what he reads in the New York *Post*," and he has been observed, tabloid in hand, slobbering. Our worst fears are confirmed when we learn Nick has not cracked and an escalation of his agony is required. "Do you want me to bring out the LeRoy Neiman paintings?" an underling asks the general in charge, his voice hushed by the enormity of the sadism proposed.

Like these jailers, *Top Secret!'s* writer-directors—Jim Abrahams, David Zucker and Jerry Zucker, the team irresponsible for *Airplane!* four years ago—will go to any lengths to break down the resistance of the audience. They sprinkle a generous supply of topical gags (the Reagan joke is balanced by a Jimmy Carter joke) and adolescent sex jokes (the heroine, played by Lucy Gutteridge, informs Nick that her name, Hillary, means "she whose bosoms defy gravity") over a dizzying succession of generic spoofs. Beyond the basic send-up, which is of World War II–vintage spy movies, they work in parodies of Bond-style adventures and beach-blanket and malt-shop rock-'n'-roll musicals. Omar Sharif is the veteran star recruited to mock his image and collect the good-sport award from audiences. The dictum that less is more means nothing here; pace and profligacy are everything. This time, though, the creative group has neglected to build to the kind of giddy, everything-plus-the-kitchen-sink climax that made *Airplane!* such a memorable exercise in anarchy. *Top Secret!* plays more like a pillow fight in a summer-camp cabin, an agreeable way to pass the time after lights-out, but one that just peters out when everyone gets tired of breaking the rules. —*By Richard Schickel*

Sharif discovers Gutteridge's *Top Secret!*

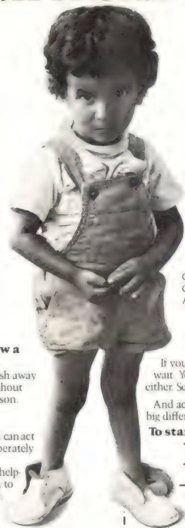
Macchio gets macho in *The Karate Kid*

THE KARATE KID

Like *Flashdance*, it shows the triumph of the determined teen-age spirit over adversity. Like *Rocky*, it offers the spectacle of a young man punishing his body in order to acquire the skill and toughness to win a big fight against long odds. Like the *Star Wars* saga, it provides him with a Yoda-like mentor full of gnomic instruction and inspiration in his struggle against evil. In short, *The Karate Kid* presents the smallest imaginable variations on three well-tested formulas for movie success.

This film's art consists entirely of hiding the cynicism of its calculations under an agreeably modest and disarming manner. In this it is greatly aided by Ralph Macchio as the Kid and Noriyuki ("Pat") Morita as the apartment handyman who teaches martial arts and pacifistic wisdom to the 97-lb. weakling tired of being beaten up by the bullies at school. Robert Mark Kamen's script is developed with maddening predictability, and John G. Avildsen's direction is literal and ambling. Films like this are what the PG rating is supposed to be all about. And how one longs to spot a few gremlins chuckling malevolently in the corner. —*R.S.*

Here's your chance to achieve a small moral victory.



Gabriel Cortez
Colombia
Age 4

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The Keen Edge of Rubén Blades

He is a lawyer, essayist and . . . oh, yes—a terrific musician

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He is 35, one of the biggest stars in Latin American music, a composer who can combine bold lyrics, intricate narratives and bright, salsa-inflected melodies with the fine flair of the best singer-songwriters. Bruce Springsteen, Pete Townshend, Jackson Browne come first to mind, and if that is heavy, heady company, then all right, just keep the jostling to a minimum and make a little room.

But even way up there at the top where the air is thin, Rubén Blades would seem a rare, highflying creature. His songs have not only rhythms that insinuate but lyrics that can touch the conscience with humane political passion. He has been a lawyer for a bank in Panama, a mail boy working for a Latin record company in New York City and one of the main perpetrators, with Trombonist Willie Colon, of *Siembra*, estimated to be the bestselling salsa album in history. He currently writes short essays on art and politics for the newspaper *La Estrella de Panamá*; conducts a long-distance collaboration with Gabriel García Márquez on a cycle of songs based on some of the Nobel prizewinner's early stories; and, with his pistol-hot band, *Seis del Solar* (Six from the Tenement), has been galvanizing a concert tour that has ricocheted from Berkeley, Calif., to the Cannes Film Festival and home to New York City. He can also be heard on the sound track of *Beat Street*, the just opened break-dancing movie, doing nicely by a lollipop love theme. But the best place to catch Blades and his Tenement Six is on their new Elektra/Asylum album, *Buscando America* (Searching for America). All the record's seven cuts are sung in Spanish, but if there is a better album this year in any language, its impact will have to be measured off the charts. On the Richter scale, maybe.

It seems a shame, then, that Blades is going into Panama politics. He has a while yet to change his mind, which is good news for anyone who favors music with a hard edge and a hard swing. This fall Blades will move farther north, from his bachelor apartment on Manhattan's Upper West Side to the cultivated wilds of Cambridge, Mass., where he will work for a master's degree in law at Harvard. "I am totally convinced that I am going to have a lot to do with the future of my country," he says. "But I don't want people to say, 'What does this guy know? He's been singing.'" Getting a master's is probably a prudent first step on a very extravagant course, but anyone who has listened to Blades sing his songs in his streetwise tenor would have no doubt that he knows plenty already.

The singer-songwriter swinging hard on the street corner

Measuring impact on the Richter scale.

As he says of García Márquez, Blades has "one foot on the moon and the other on the earth. We are both citizens of an emotional continent." Blades' songs, featuring characters as diverse as political policemen, murdered priests and pregnant teen-agers, explore exotic territory that is made immediate and familiar by his graceful narrative gifts and by the fleet, conversational translations of the lyrics that he provides on the album's inner cover ("Where do people who disappear go to? Look in the water and in the high grass . . . When do they return? Every time our thoughts bring them back").

His music is instantly infectious but startling, because salsa in the U.S. has always been subterranean. Predominantly Afro-Cuban and heavy on brass, salsa singed the edges of the pop music scene in the mid-'70s without ever burning through to the center. On *Buscando America*, Blades replaced the traditional brass with vibes, giving the music a somewhat easier, more seductive feel that loses nothing in intensity. "I couldn't just take away the Afro-Cuban format," Blades says. "It was the only link to the people. I basically kept the music and changed the lyrics." Blades has taken contemporary American Latin music and not only made it Latin American but pushed it even further, universalized it.

Blades' next outing, to be written and recorded before law school classes begin, will be in English, and for the occasion he will switch his first name to Panama, partly in homage to his homeland and partly in remembrance of his grandfather, who was drawn from Barbados by the boomtown allure of the canal. Blades' grandmother Emma had a strong hand in raising Rubén and his four siblings. His mother, a piano player and singer, and his father, a percussionist, police detective and basketball star, "never stopped working. They always wanted for us to be ahead of them." Emma was far ahead of her time and maybe out of it as well: a yogi, a feminist, a Rosicrucian, a vegetarian, a "wonderfully crazy woman who practiced levitation and instilled in me the silly notion that justice is important, and that we can all serve and be part of the solution."

Such service exacts its price. In 1980 Blades wrote and recorded a biting parable about international intervention called *Tiburón* (Shark):

The moon rests amidst the silence
Resting on the great Caribbean
Only the shark is still awake
Only the shark is on the prowl
Only the shark is restless . . .

Lyrics like that got Blades banned from the most popular Latin station in Miami, which ran an editorial calling him a Communist. The charge infuriated Blades not only because of its inaccuracy but because his parents now live in Miami and were caught up in the furor. Blades' life was threatened, and he took the precaution of suiting up in a bulletproof vest. He has not performed in Miami again.

Before classes start at Harvard, Blades and the band will play the Montreux International Jazz Festival, then tour Panama, Puerto Rico, Colombia and Ecuador, taking the music back to its taproots. The music business characterizes the kind of musical-cultural hybridization Blades is carrying off as a "cross-over." Says Blades: "I would rather think more in terms of converging than of cross-over, because if you cross over it might be lonely on the other side." Blades deserves a lot of company wherever he goes, and will get it if there is any justice. And he knows that there is. Grandmother Emma told him so. —***By Jay Cocks. Reported by Mary Ann French/New York***

Odyssey of a Corrected Classic

ULYSSES: A CRITICAL AND SYNOPTIC EDITION *Prepared by Hans Walter Gabler; Garland; 3 volumes; 1,919 pages; $200*

For 62 years, scholars and zealous readers have heard confirmed rumors about the typographical mistakes in *Ulysses*. The first person to notice them was the author himself. Shortly before his epic novel appeared in February 1922, James Joyce wrote an editor: "I am extremely irritated by all those printer's errors." They were, in part, his own fault. An obsessive reviser, Joyce scrawled some 100,000 additional words in the margins of galleys as they were sent to him for proofreading. These changes had to be incorporated into what was already becoming a palimpsest of confusion: diverse typists' errant renderings of various stages of Joyce's manuscript, compounded by a team of French-speaking printers who were being hectored by the author to get the finished product into his hands on the occasion of his 40th birthday.

The deadline was met, although the book Joyce saw was not exactly the one he thought he had written. Instantly recognized as a classic, *Ulysses* went through subsequent editions that corrected some mistakes while adding others. A nagging question arose and persisted: How to distinguish the novel's intentional complexities from accidental garbles?

The whole world has not been waiting for an answer, to be sure, but here it is anyhow. Seven years in the making (the same length of time it took Joyce to write the book), this new edition of *Ulysses* has been painstakingly reconstructed, with the aid of a computer, from all of the surviving documents of composition. It rectifies some 5,000 gaffes in previous publications of the novel.

That number, in isolation, sounds horrendous; indeed, any botching of a written word in an acknowledged masterpiece is one too many. But *Ulysses* consists of well over 400,000 words; so the margin of error has hovered somewhere under 2%. Furthermore, the vast majority of corrections made by Professor Hans Walter Gabler of the University of Munich and his colleagues involve spelling and punctuation; word changes or additions amount to a fractional percentage of the text that transformed 20th century literature.

James Joyce: seeking immortality in enigmas

There may thus be less in this expansive and expensive production than meets the eye. But the result, even with a price tag of $200, is by no means negligible. For openers, at least one major puzzle posed by earlier editions of the novel has been solved. Stephen Dedalus, a brooding young poet who wanders through Dublin on June 16, 1904, is haunted by the recent death of his mother. Late at night, drunk and hallucinating, Stephen sees her in a vision and pleads: "Tell me the word, mother, if you know now. The word known to all men." She does not do so. But the identity of that word is contained in a passage, earlier in the novel, that was omitted from the first and all following editions until this one *(see box)*. The word is love.

This discovery underscores the connections between Dedalus and Leopold Bloom, the other hero of *Ulysses*. For it is Bloom who utters the word that Stephen wishes to hear: "Love, says Bloom. I mean the opposite of hatred." The fact that he does so when Stephen is not present makes their later meeting and parting more poignant and ironic.

The additional or revised material also clarifies a number of Bloom's thoughts as his odyssey through Dublin progresses. In the morning, the nonpracticing Jew drops in on a Catholic Mass and, when leaving, makes an embarrassing discovery: "Hello. Were those two buttons of my waistcoat open all the time. Women enjoy it. Annoyed if you don't." Why should women be annoyed if men do not enjoy being unbuttoned? The question disappears when this rumination is unscrambled and set the way Joyce intended: "Women enjoy it. Never tell you. But we. Excuse, miss, there's a (whh!) just a (whh!) fluff. Or their skirt behind, placket unhooked. Glimpses of the moon. Annoyed if you don't."

Bloom knows and tries to forget that

The untinted area of this excerpt from *Ulysses* encloses a sequence that was accidentally omitted from the first edition of Joyce's novel and never restored in print until now.

—Marina, Stephen said, a child of storm, Miranda, a wonder, Perdita, that which was lost. What was lost is given back to him: his daughter's child. *My dearest wife*, Pericles says, *was like this maid*. Will any man love the daughter if he has not loved the mother?

—The art of being a grandfather, Mr Best gan murmur. *L'art d'être grandp . . .*

—Will he not see reborn in her, with the memory of his own youth added, another image?

Do you know what you are talking about? Love, yes. Word known to all men. *Amor vero aliquid alicui bonum vult unde et ea quae concupiscimus . . .*

—His own image to a man with that queer thing genius is the standard of all experience, material and moral. Such an appeal will touch him. The images of other males of his blood will repel him. He will see in them grotesque attempts of nature to foretell or to repeat himself.

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his wife Molly has an assignation with her lover planned for 4 p.m. But random events keep jogging his memory: "Not yet. At four he. All said four." What Joyce wanted Bloom to think at this point turns out to be crisper and more to the point: "Not yet. At four she. Who said four?" Later, Bloom mulls over the difficulty of beginning chats with strange women: "Suppose I spoke to her. What about? Bad plan however if you don't know how to end the conversation. Ask them a question they ask you another. Good idea if you're in a cart." That last sentence makes no sense at all, nor was it ever intended to. Six words were dropped from Joyce's prose: "Good idea if you're stuck. Gain time. But then you're in a cart."

There are literally hundreds of such small improvements, none earthshaking individually but each adding the freshness and precision so typical of Joyce's prose. A character's cries are not "birdlike," a word perilously close to cliché, but "birdsweet." As Bloom watches the end of a fireworks display, he sees not a "lost long candle" but a "last lonely candle." A cloud covering the sun does so not only "slowly" but also "wholly." The changes restore both clarity and melodious strains of the Joycean music as well.

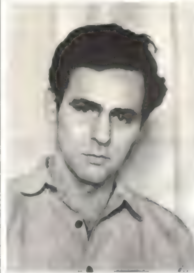
This new *Ulysses* will give scholars plenty to talk and quarrel about for years to come. That is exactly how Joyce would have wanted it. Shortly before his novel was published, he wrote a friend, "I've put in so many enigmas and puzzles that it will keep the professors busy for centuries arguing over what I meant, and that's the only way of ensuring one's immortality." Now, thanks to this herculean labor of scholarship, the disputes and the enjoyment will encounter not unintended riddles but the very words that Joyce chose for his posterity. **—By Paul Gray**

Captive Poet

JAMES AGEE: A LIFE
by Laurence Bergreen
Dutton; 467 pages; $20

One May night in Tennessee, when James Rufus Agee was six years old, his father drove off the Clinton Pike. One wheel of his Ford was still spinning in the air when the first witness arrived. Jay Agee lay face down about a foot from the car, his clothes scarcely mussed. The only sign of violence was a small cut on the chin.

James Agee spent the rest of his life trying to understand his father's absurd end, spinning his own wheels as he hurtled to an early death. But what Laurence Bergreen's solid, unassuming biography makes clear is how much Agee managed to accomplish during that ride. While he was drinking himself to the edge of alcoholism, while he was compulsively womanizing, while he was further wasting himself by lamenting this waste in all-night soliloquies, Agee was also producing.



James Agee
Prince of excess and prodigious sufferer.

From his days as critic for TIME and the *Nation* in the 1940s, Bergreen shows, Agee left a collection of brilliantly discursive film reviews that helped establish the standards for the art. He wrote two moving and complex novels. He composed at least five screenplays, including that shaggy Bogart-Hepburn classic, *The African Queen*. He turned out reams of verse, published and unpublished, and won the prestigious Yale Younger Poets award.

During his first stint for Time Inc., as a writer for FORTUNE, Agee was assigned a story that let him weld his overheated rhetoric to a social theme: the lives of '30s sharecroppers in the South, with photographs by Walker Evans. Agee later appraised his own work as "a sinful book at least in all degrees of 'falling short of the mark.' " The critical and popular response reflected his view: published as a book in 1941, *Let Us Now Praise Famous Men* had sold only 600 copies by the end of the year. But Agee's collaboration with Evans refused to die. The years seemed to diminish the excesses—autobiographical discursions, adolescent stridence—and to ratify Critic Lionel Trilling's appraisal: "The most realistic and important moral effort of our generation."

Along the way, the "captive poet," as his editor at TIME called him, wrote hundreds of letters—to Father James Harold Flye, his high-church Episcopal mentor at St. Andrew's School in Tennessee, who remained his confidant from the time Agee was ten, to old classmates at Phillips Exeter and Harvard, to his three wives and countless lovers, to all the women who satisfied what he confessed was a "run-to-Mama" complex.

Laurence Bergreen, a magazine writer and former teacher at New York City's New School, spent three years in research and interviews amassing the minute data of Agee's life. From the age of 18 on, Bergreen assures us, Agee had fairly set work habits and style. He wrote late at night in tiny script with newly sharpened pencils, chain smoking, sipping gin, listening to jazz. Agee did not know the meaning of a throwaway line. Even when he wrote prose, he tended to operate by the laws of a romantic poet—packing in all the vivid details, then going for broke. He was a prodigious sufferer. He managed to embrace all the guilt there was to religion, all the shame there was in sex. He dressed in his own kind of sackcloth—sneakers, work pants, sweat-stained shirt. He allowed his teeth to rot. When anger and frustration built up in him, he would smash his fist into the nearest wall or bloodily shatter the glass he was holding. "Nearly all the time," he wrote after one bender, "I am incompetent for work, or for thinking of work, or of anything except crawling around in a whisky-logged blur."

Yet Agee had a canny sense for self-preservation that almost, though not quite matched his talent for self-destruction. He was forever negotiating with a series of authority figures: God, Father Flye, Time Inc. Indeed, Bergreen concludes, Agee cast Time in the multiple roles of "his home, his school, his monastery," to the bewilderment of fellow employees like Dwight Macdonald, Alfred Kazin and Robert Fitzgerald.

Agee suffered his first heart attack in 1951 after playing tennis with John Huston while at work on the script of *The African Queen*. It was too late for a prince of excess to slow down. He went on spinning out great ideas for the future, as he always had. At one time, a partial list of projects included two full-length historical films. One would concern Tories *vs.* Loyalists, the other the age of revolution. Both would be "mystical," "Virgilian" epics of a "prenatal nation." These were in addition to an "anti-Communist manifesto," a "new form of movie short roughly equivalent to the lyric poem," and some "pieces of writing whose rough parallel is the prophetic writing of the Bible."

But no matter how far Agee's imagination ranged, he always seemed drawn to the central image of a country road and a wheel spinning and a dapper man stretched out serenely under the stars. It became the obsessive theme of *A Death in the Family*, his autobiographical novel. After Agee died of a heart attack in 1955 at the age of 45, that work won a Pulitzer Prize for fiction in 1958, and as adapted under the title *All the Way Home* in 1960, a second Pulitzer in the theater. That same year, *Let Us Now Praise Famous Men* was reissued and went on to sell more than a quarter-million copies.

James Agee has become a minor cult, as well he should. But he should not be considered one of those classic romantic failures so adored by adolescents and academics. As much as most artists, he achieved what he was capable of, and it was enough. **—By Melvin Maddocks**

Theater

Failing Words

HURLYBURLY *by David Rabe*

Eddie (William Hurt) has a desperate urge to make connections. "I don't know what pertains to me," he cries, striving to locate defining links between himself and the world as he feverishly scans the political news in the paper or tries to make sense of the post-Freudian gabble of his friends. Distracted, he abuses emotional ties that are so close at hand he could touch them were he only to reach out. His best friends have simplified these problems: tough Phil (Harvey Keitel) makes most of his conjunctions with his fists; Artie (Jerry Stiller) is hooked into the only thing that matters to him, his career, via his answering machine; Mickey (Christopher Walken) simply accepts the *ad hoc* life. For him all liaisons are intrinsically temporary, and cynicism, laced with drugs, is his sustenance.

The four live in Los Angeles and work on the fringe of show business. But David Rabe's *Hurlyburly*, which opened at the Promenade Theater off-Broadway last week, is a great deal more than just another satire of the Southern California lifestyle. Rabe's characters would essentially be what they are no matter where they lived or worked. As he sees it, there is a limbo of the lost through which American males of a certain age and status almost inevitably must pass these days. Divorced, not loving their abandoned children as much as they loathe their former wives, directing a combination of need and hostility toward the women who drift in and out of their new lives, they are, as Mickey puts it, "involved in a variety of pharmaceutical experiments," which, as Eddie completes the thought, "test the American dream of oblivion." Another way of putting it is that their lives are full of incident and devoid of coherence.

Hurt and Weaver: contemporary banality

Artie brings home a girl (Cynthia Nixon) as a "care package" for his friends. "She worked the last time I tried her," he explains. Eddie and Mickey already share a woman (Sigourney Weaver, whose striking physical presence provides a marvelous ironic contrast to her dithering sensibility). Phil steals his own child, beats up a bubble dancer (Judith Ivey) and finally kills himself. At the end, Eddie is frantically leafing through the dictionary, hoping to find in his pal's suicide note an anagram that will reveal the meaning in an apparently meaningless act.

In the anguish of that search lies the profundity of Rabe's work. The playwright is functioning here as far more than a realist with an unsurpassed ear for contemporary speech. What he is saying, finally, is that words have begun to fail. The vocabulary in which his people speak, a jargon derived from televised reductions of reality and popularized psychology, leaves them without the tools they need to know their own

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minds, let alone the complexities of their shared existence. The bitterest of the many laughs Rabe provides derives from his recognition that the relentless articulateness of his people is only a higher form of inarticulateness.

Since his subject is language, he is obliged to define his characters through the rhythms of their speech, and he rises superbly to that most difficult of playwright's challenges. In testing himself, he is testing audiences as well. Usually plays about language call flashy attention to what they are doing. Rabe requires us to understand that when he is examining clichés he is not endorsing them. As with language, so with morality. The sympathy he feels for his mystified characters is not to be understood as approval.

The actors form a flawless ensemble. Hurt, who bears the heaviest weight of words, and Walken, whose character has the softest edges, deserve particular praise. Director Mike Nichols has imposed a shaping dramatic tension on shapeless lives and on a play that is of necessity loosely structured. His uncanny sense of modern body language brilliantly matches Rabe's sensitivity to verbal gestures. Everyone involved in *Hurlyburly* (including all its designers) have stared hard, long and with compassionate intelligence into the face of contemporary banality, and found ways of transcending it without falsifying. Theirs is an important work, masterly accomplished. —*By Richard Schickel*

Rhino Feet

DESIGN FOR LIVING
by Noël Coward

Noël Coward made mock of many social dogmas, but he was a true believer in the imperium of style. Those who had the divine spark got to ride through life on a silk cushion, inventing their own rules and then ignoring them, cutting the boorish infidels down with gay, rapier wit.

MARTHA SWOPE

Clayburgh, Julia and Langella: period wit

Thus it is with the merrily amoral ménage in *Design for Living*, a triangle with some complex emotional geometry. Otto (Frank Langella) and Leo (Raul Julia) are friends; Gilda (Jill Clayburgh) and Otto become lovers; Gilda dumps Otto for Leo; Gilda leaves them both for a stuffy art dealer; Otto and Leo liberate Gilda from genteel sobriety. In Coward's world the cabal of camaraderie must ever win out over the exclusivity of passion, and style consists of tiptoeing away from the mess one has made of one's life.

This star-laden revival at the Circle in the Square Theater, the first Broadway mounting of *Design for Living* since its 1933 premiere, refuses to tiptoe. Instead it galumphs, on thundering rhino feet, at the pitch and tempo of farce. Frenzy worked fine for Director George C. Scott in his production of Coward's *Present Laughter* two years ago. Not so here, where the bonhomie is so forced that it comes across as bullying. Though Langella and Julia occasionally mine the text for subterranean veins of grace and melancholy, Clayburgh storms about with the booming baritone and great-lady gestures of a strung-out dowager. One yearns for the buoyant charm that Vanessa Redgrave brought to the role in a 1973 London revival. But charm, alas, cannot be learned, earned or rented for the night. It is a quality as easy to perceive, and as rare to achieve, as style. —*By Richard Corliss*

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Essay

Journalism and the Larger Truth

When journalists hear journalists claim a "larger truth," they really ought to go for their pistols. *The New Yorker's* Alastair Reid said the holy words last week: "A reporter might take liberties with the factual circumstances to make the larger truth clear." O large, large truth. Apparently Mr. Reid believes that imposing a truth is the same as arriving at one. Illogically, he also seems to think that truths may be disclosed through lies. But his error is more fundamental still in assuming that large truth is the province of journalism in the first place. The business of journalism is to present facts accurately—Mr. Reid notwithstanding. Those seeking something larger are advised to look elsewhere.

For one thing, journalism rarely sees the larger truth of a story because reporters are usually chasing quite small elements of information. A story, like a fern, only reveals its final shocking shape in stages. Journalism also reduces most of the stories it deals with to political considerations. Matters are defined in terms of where power lies, who opposes whom or what, where the special interests are. As a result, the larger truth of a story is often missed or ignored. By its nature, political thought limits speculative thought. Political realities themselves cannot be grasped by an exclusively political way of looking at things.

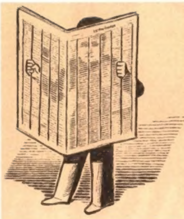

ILLUSTRATION FOR TIME BY DAVID SUTER

Then, too, journalism necessarily deals with discontinuities. One has never heard of the Falkland Islands. Suddenly the Falklands are the center of the universe; one knows all there is to know about "kelpers" and Port Stanley; sheep jokes abound. In the end, as at the beginning, no one really knows anything about the Falkland Islands other than the war that gave it momentary celebrity—nothing about the people in the aftermath of the war, their concerns, isolation, or their true relationship to Argentina and Britain. Discontinuities are valuable because they point up the world's variety as well as the special force of its isolated parts. But to rely on them for truth is to lose one's grip on what is continuous and whole.

Journalism looks to where the ball is, and not where it is not. A college basketball coach, trying to improve the performance of one of his backcourt men, asked the player what he did when he practiced on his own. "Dribble and shoot," came the reply. The coach then asked the player to add up the total time he dribbled and shot during a scrimmage game, how many minutes he had hold of the ball. "Three minutes in all," came the reply. "That means," said the coach, "that you practice what you do in three minutes out of 40 in a game." Which means in turn that for every player, roughly 37 out of a possible 40 minutes are played away from the ball.

Journalism tends to focus on the poor when the poor make news, usually dramatic news like a tenement fire or a march on Washington. But the poor are poor all the time. It is not journalism's ordinary business to deal with the unstartling normalities of life. Reporters need a *story*, something shapely and elegant. Poverty is disorderly, anticlimactic and endless. If one wants truth about the poor, one must look where the ball is not.

Similarly, journalism inevitably imposes forms of order on both the facts in a story and on the arrangement of stories itself. The structures of magazines and newspapers impose one kind of order; radio and television another, usually sequential. But every form journalism takes is designed to draw the public's attention to what the editors deem most important in a day's or week's events. This naturally violates the larger truth of a chaotic universe. Oddly, the public often contributes its own hierarchical arrangements by dismissing editors' discriminations and dwelling on the story about the puppy on page 45 instead of the bank collapse on Page One. The "truth" of a day's events is tugged at from all sides.

Finally, journalism often misses the truth by unconsciously eroding one's sympathy with life. A seasoned correspondent in Evelyn Waugh's maliciously funny novel *Scoop* lectures a green reporter. "You know," he says, "you've got a lot to learn about journalism. Look at it this way. News is what a chap who doesn't care much about anything wants to read." The matter is not a laughing one. A superabundance of news has the benumbing effect of mob rule on the senses. Every problem in the world begins to look unreachable, unimprovable. What could one lone person possibly accomplish against a constant and violent storm of events that on any day include a rebellion of Sikhs, a tornado in Wisconsin, parents pleading for a healthy heart for their child? Sensibilities, overwhelmed, eventually grow cold; and therein monsters lie. Nobody wants to be part of a civilization that reads the news and does not care about it. Certainly no journalist wants that.

If one asks, then, where the larger truth is to be sought, the answer is where it has always been: in history, poetry, art, nature, education, conversation; in the tunnels of one's own mind. People may have come to expect too much of journalism. Not of journalism at its worst; when one is confronted with lies, cruelty and tastelessness, it is hardly too much to expect better. But that is not a serious problem because lies, cruelty and tastelessness are the freaks of the trade, not the pillars. The trouble is that people have also come to expect too much of journalism at its best, because they have invested too much power in it, and in so doing have neglected or forfeited other sources of power in their lives. Journalists appear to give answers, but essentially they ask a question: What shall we make of this? A culture that would rely on the news for truth could not answer that question because it already would have lost the qualities of mind that make the news worth knowing.

If people cannot rely on the news for facts, however, then journalism has no reason for being. Alastair Reid may have forgotten that the principal reason journalists exist in society is that people have a need to be informed of and comprehend the details of experience. "The right to know and the right to be are one," wrote Wallace Stevens in a poem about Ulysses. The need is basic, biological. In that sense, everyone is a journalist, seeking the knowledge of the times in order to grasp the character of the world, to survive in the world, perhaps to move it. Archimedes said he could move the world as long as he had a long enough lever. He pointed out, too, that he needed a ground to stand on.

—*By Roger Rosenblatt*

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